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THE EARL OF AVA AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS, WITH SOME OF THE BRIDESMAIDS, LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: THE EARL OF AVA AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS	31, 32
THE ROYAL SHOW. (Leader)	32
COUNTRY NOTES	33
FOR THESE THINGS, by Gladys Echlin	33
DUSK, by M. Jacoby	34
PLANT HUNTING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, by Captain F. Kingdon Ward	35
ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, by Philip James	38
THE NEW NEWMARKET	40
COUNTRY HOME: SOUTHILL PARK.—I, by Christopher Hussey	42
THE DAY, by Doremy Olland	48
THE GROSVENOR HOUSING SCHEME	49
A PRIMULA GARDEN, by G. C. Taylor	51
"IT ONLY SHOWS," by Bernard Darwin	54
YEARS OF CHILDHOOD, by Bernard Darwin; OTHER REVIEWS	55
WIMBLEDON: SECOND WEEK, by Godfrey Winn	56
THE THEATRE: THE MISREPRESENTING OF MOLNAR, by George Warrington	57
CORRESPONDENCE	58
Blickling (Maurice B. Adams); Sparrows Attacking Mice; "The Vanishing Windmill" (Rex Wailes); A Plea for an Old House (Earl Spencer); A Robber Trapped (Chas. H. Sanderson); At Harvest Time in Picardy; A Four-flowered Tulip Stem (T. C. Little-Jones junior and Lady Congleton); Sheep Shearing in the Cotswolds (Lorna Housman Bailey); Cock of the Furze (B. Campbell); To What Base Uses? (T. Simpson).	
THE ESTATE MARKET	xliv
FURNITURE AT COLD OVERTON HALL	59
FRENCH FURNITURE	62
PICTURES AT SOUTHILL PARK.—I, by Christopher Hussey	63
A DUTCH LANDSCAPE	66
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD	lii
TRAVEL: SUMMER IN ICELAND	lvi
TRAVEL NOTES	lviii
THE NESTING HABITS OF GAME BIRDS	lx
GARDEN PEONIES, by G. C. Taylor	67
THE SUMMER ROSE SHOW	68
THE LADIES' FIELD	lxiv
A Charming Gown and a Hat in the Latest Style; The New Line and the Woman of Forty, by Kathleen M. Barrow.	
FOR THE CONNOISSEUR OF GEMS	lxviii
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 24	lxviii
BOOKS OF TRAVEL, SOME NOVELS AND MYSTERY TALES	lxx

EDITORIAL NOTICE

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The Royal Show

THE outstanding event in the agricultural year has taken place this week. This is the annual Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The "Royal" is, of course, by no means the only important show, but it alone claims to represent the national interests of the industry. Manchester has provided the site for this year's show, and once again there has been demonstrated the close interdependence of our cities and our countryside. It is sometimes assumed that the interests of the industrial centres and the countryside are poles apart. The two, however, are closely related, for the countryman is anxious for the custom of the industrial population, while the townsman in turn is, or should be, interested in the conditions under which much of his food is produced. For him an agricultural show is a good opportunity of seeing something of these conditions, and this year the Royal Show has been extremely successful in this respect. The show ground is convenient and well appointed, and although a few breeds for which classes were provided in the original scheme failed to enter in sufficient numbers, the representation of livestock has been really remarkable. There

were classes for nine breeds of horses and ponies (exclusive of the driving and jumping classes), twenty of cattle, twenty-three of sheep and nine of pigs. As a matter of fact, Lancashire has always served the Society well, for there have now been four shows at Manchester, three at Liverpool and one at Preston, and in every case they have proved a financial success. And although this year the Show coincided almost exactly with the hay harvest, the attendance was none the less very satisfactory.

The meeting of the "Royal" is always timed to come about half way through the summer show season, when a good deal of preliminary elimination has taken place and when there is generally a fair idea as to the nature of the competition to be expected. Frequent reference has been made in these columns to the fact that the exhibition of livestock in these days is not a poor man's hobby. At shows of the status of the Royal only the best animals stand any chance of obtaining a prize. Breeding a prize-winner is never accidental in these days. It is the outcome of skill on the part of the breeder, who, from his own knowledge of conformation, blood lines and performance, can produce high-class animals from properly qualified sources. Very large sums of money are invested in the maintenance of many of our prize herds, studs and flocks, and it goes without saying that the capital required for farming of this character is necessarily greater than for farming which is concerned only with commercial types.

Good breeding, however, is only the foundation. Show stock have to be raised under conditions that will secure their healthy development. Many breeders of cattle, for example, have found it necessary to provide special accommodation or to remodel existing buildings which have proved unsuitable. Others have incurred further expense in the eradication of certain diseases which otherwise would have affected the value of their stock. Feeding, too, is an art which can only be acquired by long experience. It is sometimes assumed that the feeding of well bred animals is a more expensive business than the feeding of less desirable ones. This is not true in the commercial sense, but, so far as exhibition animals are concerned, the fact that they must be paraded in a well fleshed state involves a certain amount of extra feeding. Sometimes one is inclined to think that the flesh carried by breeding animals is apt to be excessive, but this fault is not so common as it used to be. The stockman who can feed without making his stock uneven in their flesh is an asset to any owner.

Training, too, is equally important. It implies unremitting care and attention for months before the show, and with some animals the preparation for a show career starts almost from birth. The sum total of all the necessary costs involved is naturally heavy, and not every farmer can afford to incur them. It is, further, obvious that the labour employed by the show-ring enthusiasts must necessarily be skilled and, as such, well paid. Fortunate indeed are those breed societies which can always count upon supporters who have the necessary means to indulge in the exhibition of livestock. Certainly some of the lesser known breeds of a localised character cannot always obtain such support, though from the national point of view it is important that they should be given every encouragement. But in spite of its cost to the breeder, the show yard is not without its compensations. Those who can afford to exhibit there claim that it is the cheapest method of advertising their herds, studs and flocks, and the position occupied by the R.A.S.E. is such as to secure world-wide prominence for the successful exhibitors in breeds of international reputation.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a photograph of the Earl and Countess of Ava, with some of the bridesmaids, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding on July 3rd. The Earl of Ava is the only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and the Countess the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

LAST week was so full of every kind of sporting event that it is hard to know where to begin. On the whole, Wimbledon in general and Tilden in particular deserve first place. "Twenty-seven is not very old" sang some young ladies in the *Bab Ballads*, but thirty-seven is rather old for such a gruelling experience as is involved day after day in winning the Singles at Wimbledon and everybody will acclaim a hero in this great American player. His victory is part of a general triumph for his nation. The Americans have swept the Wimbledon board clean, and it remains to be seen whether the Frenchmen can check them in the Davis Cup. That they will make a desperate effort is certain. There were a number of foreign victories also in the Athletic Championships at Stamford Bridge, among them an absurdly easy victory for yet another great Finnish runner, Virtanen, who must be a Nurmi in embryo. On the other hand, there were some consolingly fine achievements by our own men, the splendid 4.15½ by Thomas in the mile, the 1.53½ by Hampson in the half-mile—better than the great Lowe himself—and the victory of Lord Burghley in the two hurdle races, a double event never brought off before. There is here no cause whatever for lamentation or anything but cheerfulness.

AT Henley the challenge from overseas was rather less formidable, perhaps, but was, at any rate, sturdily resisted. Guest the Canadian, kept the Diamonds for the Empire by beating the German, Boetzelen, after a battle which began at so terrific a pace as to kill the loser; while the gallant American schoolboys from Kent School were beaten in the Thames. The outstanding feat was that of the London Rowing Club, who won the Grand, the Stewards and the Wyfolds. In the first two of these events they beat Leander in no uncertain way. They have reaped the just reward of assiduous training and practice, and for the moment the Cam and the Isis must give pride of place to our own London river. And now this week, as a little lull before another International storm at Leeds, we have the purely domestic encounters at Lord's, Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow. At the moment of writing, the Dark Blues seem to be the favourites in the first, the Light Blues in the second. Unless the weather breaks, however, a likely result in either match is a glut of run-getting and a draw, although Eton is reputed to possess two fast bowlers who may do destructive things. Nobody, or scarcely anybody, could wish the sunshine to stop even in order that the match might be finished, for even cricket is a game that needs the sun, and no matches need it more than these two, for many people the great festivals of friendship of the whole year.

TREASURER'S HOUSE, York, the front of which towards the Minster is the subject of the picture at the head of this page, is, after the Minster, perhaps the

most precious gem in York. Tucked away behind the chapter house and overshadowed by the choir, it occupies a quiet nook between Minster and city walls that seems forgotten save by canons and cooing pigeons. Its silvery Jacobean walls enclose a series of rooms set about the great central hall that cannot be surpassed for charm or for the beauty of their contents. It is this treasure house, indeed, that that prince of connoisseurs, Mr. Frank Green, has handed over lock, stock and barrel to the National Trust, together with the rents of six old houses for its upkeep. The building, in the cellars of which are the bases of Roman columns that supported the Royal palace in Eboracum, has been continually inhabited since those days, and takes its name from the treasurer of the archbishops, whose residence it was till the Reformation. York is the most perfect mediæval city in England, and Treasurer's House is the jewel of its houses. Only those who know it or remember the articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* during July, 1922, can as yet fully appreciate the scale of Mr. Frank Green's generosity to the nation.

FOR THESE THINGS.

For all the stars that prick the night with fire,
When dusk has plucked the last note from his lyre
And gone to rest,
A loveliness most star-like floods my breast,
And, chance what may,
Time and the world go singing on their way.

For every cloud,
To blossoms heaped, or thinning into flakes
Of wistful transience—pale dreams on wing—
Choristers crowd
The dim aisles of my heart and, singing, shake
The structure of my being. Voices ring
Above the pauseless clamour of the day.
Time and the world go singing on their way.

And every tossing bough that fills the glade
With patterned fantasy of light and shade;
And every leaf
That laughs along the branch in ecstasy;
Makes sanctuary, beyond belief,
For all my birds; for all my birds, a tree.

For these things, these,
Dust and the stony hill are field and brook;
Pain drops his darts, sorrow's grey, haggard look
Takes tint of day:
For stars and clouds and birds and bending trees
I still will keep the laughter in my heart,
No matter pain, no matter sorrow's smart.
Fortune what must, what may,
Time and the world go singing on their way.

GLADYS ECHLIN.

THE sudden death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will bring to many people who never so much as saw him the feeling of having lost a friend. Those who will feel it the most acutely are those, now not quite so young as they would like to be, who were at an impressionable and hero-worshipping age when Sherlock Holmes first burst on the world in the *Study in Scarlet*, to be followed by the first series of stories in the *Strand Magazine*. As they have grown older they may have re-read those stories in a rather less reverent mood, but they have never lost their affection for them and their author, and Conan Doyle, if he sometimes provoked an unintended smile, could not but inspire kindness and respect. He was not a great writer and would never have dreamed of thinking that he was one, but he was a capital teller of a story, with a wonderful knack—as witness *Rodney Stone* and *Brigadier Gerard*—of taking an interesting period in history and making it live for the common reader. Neither was he a great man, but he was a strong, honest and likeable one, with a pleasant breath of fresh air about him, always ready to throw himself heart and soul into any cause in which he believed. He brought pleasure into many lives and never did harm to a single one of his big circle of readers, and there are very few for whom so much could be said.

THE Dean and Chapter of the Abbey have had at long last to abandon their scheme of building a sacristy. The site recommended by the Advisory Committee beside the Poet's Corner door did not receive the approval of the anonymous donor who originally offered the necessary money, and his offer has now been withdrawn. Whether or not he was influenced in his action by the volume of public opinion which objected to the scheme, few will regret that a tedious and what has been at times a rather undignified controversy has found such a quiet decease. One thing, however, it served to show: how large a number of people care passionately for every stone of the Abbey and would regret the smallest alteration if by it the beauty of the building were in any way to be impaired. This growth of intelligent interest in historic buildings is one of the encouraging signs noted by the S.P.A.B. in their recently published yearly report. Speaking at the Society's annual meeting, Professor Lethaby called attention to this change of attitude, even if the change is slow. A building, he said, which "has not been meddled with, or only dealt with in most reverent care" has "a sense of value" which no restoration or reconstruction can possess. "All feel this of a picture, a Turner or Reynolds: if it has a patch on the sky or a nail-hole through the cheek it is greatly injured. This is similarly true of works of masonry which have been wounded, and above all, have been wantonly wounded." The Report is a record of the Society's efforts during the past year to champion this principle wherever it has been threatened. Failures there have been, and are bound to be, but the number of their successes grows in proportion every year.

WE have hardly yet become accustomed to the challenge of the lady flyers, but we shall have no excuse for not being so in the future. Miss Amy Johnson's feat is still fresh in the memory, and there is no danger of her nose being put out of joint by anything that anyone else may do; the skill and endurance exhibited by the Duchess of Bedford in her long flights are in no danger of being forgotten, but Miss Winifred Brown, by winning the race for the King's Cup, has made a splendid addition to the achievements of women in the air, nor must Mrs. Butler, who was fourth, be forgotten. That there should be two women in the first four in such a race is a truly remarkable thing. Another feature of this race was the success of those who may be termed the amateurs. Of those first four to finish three were private owners flying their own machines. We are told, and no doubt truly, that the fineness of the weather conditions helped them. Only had the weather been bad would those who flew the heavily handicapped machines have gained the full advantage of their bigger engines and their greater experience. This, however, is "all in the game," and we may be sure that none of their competitors will grudge their success to the leaders. It is an encouraging portent, and may bring perceptibly nearer the day when we shall talk of "owner-drivers" of aircraft as we now do of cars.

WHEN so many of our old parish churches are in crying need of money for repairs, St. Mary Redcliffe is peculiarly fortunate in having received a present of £60,000 for the restoration of its fabric. The donor, who prefers to remain anonymous, has prescribed that the money shall be used for the repair of the exterior stonework, which, in an industrial city of the size of Bristol, suffers almost as much as it would in London from the ill-effects of corrosion. Like its mediæval rival, Norwich, Bristol has many fine churches in the old crowded city down by the river, but none of them, not even Bristol's cathedral, can compare with the great parish church which stands so proudly on the red cliff which gives it its name. "The fairest, the goodliest and most famous parish church in England" Queen Elizabeth declared it to be—a pronouncement which, perhaps, only the people of Coventry might be inclined to dispute. With such a handsome sum of money at their disposal it is to be hoped that the authorities will not be tempted to carry out any elaborate "restoration," and that as much as possible of the original carving

of William Canynge's superb building may be left untouched. Better the old fabric a little decayed than an entirely new spick-and-span exterior untouched by time.

SOME time ago the Cambridge Preservation Society spent a sum of £26,000 in buying the approaches to Madingley Hill and part of the hill itself in order to safeguard them against building. Their action at the time was made possible by the generosity of a few individuals who, between them, advanced the necessary money. An appeal, which was issued afterwards to pay off the debt and, if possible, to provide an endowment fund to be used in similar emergencies, has, so far, raised not more than £10,000 to £11,000. The Society is now once again asking for contributions, and a letter has appeared in the *Times* over a number of influential signatures, at the head of which was that of Mr. Baldwin, the new Chancellor of the University. The country round Cambridge may be flat—and dull to those who do not know it intimately—but to every Cambridge man, after he has gone down, villages like Madingley, Haslingfield and Grantchester sound sweet on the tongue as they remain delightful in memory. That their beauty may not be in their names merely is the object of this appeal, to which, it is hoped, a wide response will be made.

DUSK.

Tranquilly and softly brown,
Over those three deep fields of clover,
The shadowy dusk drifts down.

Very slow and soft and dim,
Some brown clouds go mysteriously,
Floating low over the brim

Of a gold moon, looking across
Deep woods in June, and those stone walls,
Brown in that moon with flowering moss. . . .

So, quietly, the closing day,
Over those three deep fields, those walls,
Most tranquilly, dies away.

M. JACOBY.

PRESSURE is being applied to the Government to realise the project of a road bridge over the Firth of Forth at Queensferry; and, of course, one of the strongest arguments in its favour is that it will create work. The cost would inevitably be great, and advocates of economy protest that, actually, it would be money wasted. They point out that the distance from London to Aberdeen is 529 miles by the existing route, and would be reduced only to 526 miles by the bridge—an economy of three miles at a cost of £6,000,000. But it is fallacious to select such distant terminal points as those that a bridge would most affect. The towns benefited would be those in Fife and the eastern lowlands, in particular, Edinburgh. The distance, for example, from Edinburgh to St. Andrews, by Stirling, is eighty-six miles; by bridge it would be about forty-nine. On general principles it may be questioned whether economy of time is worth so much money. But popular acquiescence in the expenditure of huge sums in widening existing roads makes it obvious that general principles are not involved in such matters. The accumulation known as the Road Fund cannot be spent fast enough on roads. This bridge is an appropriate object for the contributions of motorists, to whom time is valuable, to be spent upon. It could be paid for out of the Road Fund alone.

LORD'S week, with its cups and squashes and *fraises Melba*, makes us feel sincerely sorry for one class of our fellow-creatures, namely, those unfortunate persons who are always made ill if they eat strawberries. They try to make the best of it; they protest their disagreement with the immortal Dr. Boteler, who said that "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," but we know that this is a case of sour strawberries. To the rest of us, who can commit reasonable excesses with impunity, the strawberry is not only a delight for its own sake, but has

also a symbolic significance. It stands, as does the cuckoo, for all that is summery and sunshiny, but it goes further than that. The cuckoo stands only for rustic joys, but the strawberry reminds us also of more sophisticated pleasures, of smart frocks and pretty ladies, of Lord's and Henley. As with green peas and the tiniest and most

delicate of new potatoes, its season is all too short, and it behoves us to gather it and eat it while we may. One king died of a surfeit of peaches and another of lampreys, but the course of history has never, so far as we know, been changed by the strawberry. So let us fall on, with plenty of cream and sugar.

PLANT HUNTING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

IN SEARCH OF THE RARE WILD FLOWER.

BY CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD.

THE bold mountain range that shuts off Assam from Eastern Tibet, mountains whose southern slopes are washed by the monsoons, is a wild exotic garden with a powerful attraction for the plant hunter. Though it was impossible to resist the attempt to go exploring in these virgin fields, I sadly miscalculated the difficulties. The many obstacles have, however, a great advantage in one way, for they have been instrumental in keeping the region inviolate. The "inner line" of the Sadiya Frontier Tract marks the limit of direct administration among the hill tribes. The actual frontier lies some distance back in the interior, the country between being unadministered. Sanction to travel in this unadministered territory is only very rarely granted by the Government of India, and is, indeed, rarely sought, for the tribal area of the Assam frontier is not a pleasant place for travel, the scanty population and consequent lack of supplies, the precipitous nature of the country, which is covered with a pall of impenetrable forest, and the hostile climate render life almost unbearable, at certain seasons nearly impossible. When my companion and I obtained the consent of the Government to cross the "inner line," we joyfully seized the opportunity to spend a season in the forests of the Assam-Tibet frontier, for there is a grim satisfaction in daring an unknown country with prospects of discoveries.

We soon found that the natives were to be one of our main worries. The Mishmi of the Lohit valley is an unclean and lazy child of nature, a swashbuckler, perverse and morose. For three quarters of the year he lurks in his native hill forests; for

the remaining three months lack of food, so acute that even his chronic recourse to opium is not proof against the pangs of hunger, forces him to descend to the plains and support himself by labouring for the Indian *kaiyar*. Dependent on this unstaple element for our transport, progress was painfully slow. The native track was awful, fit only for a goat—or a botanist; and the first marches up the Delei valley, a tributary of the Lohit, were the hardest of all. For two long days we clambered over beds of boulders which the skidding river had jettisoned, or hauled ourselves up the smooth cliffs by creepers and clung desperately to the slippery ledges till we could descend once more into the river bed by crazy bamboo ladders. Pushing through gorges and over lofty spurs, we found ourselves, six weeks after leaving Sadiya, under the horseshoe of white peaks which rise 15,000–17,000ft. above sea-level, and within striking distance of our objective.

We now realised that the Delei river is only a small stream which has carved out a gorge for itself on the flank of a buttress supporting the main range. Thus the valley, instead of opening out at its head into an ice-worn cirque, as at one time seemed possible, is choked with forest to its source.

The crossing of the Delei by rope bridge was a torment. The rope, made of twisted slivers of bamboo, is pulled taut over a wooden staging, and fastened to trees on either bank. Large rings of twisted cane are threaded on the rope, and the traveller, supported in one of these cradles and by a loop round his neck, works his passage across with arms and legs.



ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD



TWO MISHMI HEADMEN AND A MISHMI GIRL.

The headman, in the centre, who is wearing a necklace of human teeth, is standing by a pole on which is hung the cane helmet of a murdered Mishmi. The pole was erected by the murderer to celebrate the successful issue of his feud. The girl is wearing the typical costume of the Mishmi tribe, with a silver band round her forehead and two silver skewers through the long, coarse hair. The Tibetans call the Mishmis "Top-knots" because of the way in which their hair is tied on the top of their heads in a knot, as shown in the photograph of the headman on the left. The Mishmis are a dirty people. They also smoke continuously and take opium.

After searching for a line of attack on the high peaks, we camped in the rain forest at the end of May, and prepared to explore the alps for plants. Above the last cultivation the rain forest begins. At 9,000ft. this passes into rhododendron conifer forest, which, at 11,000ft., in turn, gives way to solid forests of silver fir. At 12,000ft. tree growth ceases, to be replaced by rhododendron scrub and alpine meadow, above which is only bare rock and barren scree. It is in this alpine region that the chief interest for the botanist lies.

Throughout April and May the rain forest is a blaze of rhododendrons of all colours. Here grow the big-leaved trees, which often form more than 50 per cent. of the forest. They bloom while yet the silken leafbuds of deciduous trees are putting forth infant leaves and the chubby catkins of corylopsis are dangling from unfledged twigs. It is the loveliest season of the year. Even the vivid livery of autumn cannot vie with the woodland colours induced by a bleak spring. Now the shrill greens and yellows of the maple, birch and oak break out, and the rhododendrons froth up in domes of scarlet among the sombre arrogance of the fir trees. Inside the forest the rustle of the breeze is laced with a gentle crepitation caused by the perpetual rain of bud scales.

The alps are still sleeping under a pall of snow; but with the first rush of the warm monsoon rain the snow begins to melt fast, and in its wake the spearheads of innumerable alpine plants pierce the black glutinous earth, and a frill of blossom creeps along the raw edges of the cliff.

We discovered many rhododendrons here, among them being a fine form of the well known *Rh. Griffithianum*, with enormous

white funnel-shaped flowers and leaves a foot long. Another tree species has large trusses of bell flowers coloured a dusky Tyrian purple, with a hurricane of darker commas printed over it in the form of a Prince of Wales's feathers. Much smaller is a wiry shrub with tight heads of bright crocus-yellow flowers and dark green pitted washleather leaves—*Rh. mishmiense*. A fourth species, *Rh. aureum*, is covered with knobs of butter-yellow flowers peeping from among the metallic-looking grey-green foliage. These are but a few of the two dozen early-flowering kinds whose blossoms played hide-and-seek with us in the dark forest. Later, in May, a gale of colour swept along the ridges as the bush rhododendron seethed into bloom. One of the commonest had leaves which were bright cinnamon beneath and bulging trusses of flowers banded pink and white outside, splashed purple within (*Rh. ixenticum*). Much less common was an allied species distinguished by its great leaves with bristly stalks and brick-red flowers; still rarer was a near cousin with flowers of vivid cherry carmine.

Many epiphytic rhododendrons, small straggling shrubs with large flowers, pink, white or yellow, perched aloft in the tree-tops were common in the conifer forest. High up on a moss-bound fir hangs a milk white cloud of *Rh. bullatum*, whence from time to time there flutters down a fragrant corolla, like a broken butterfly; and clasped in the fork of another tree is a small bush studded with button flowers which gleam pale golden among the silver-plated leaves—*Rh. megeratum*.

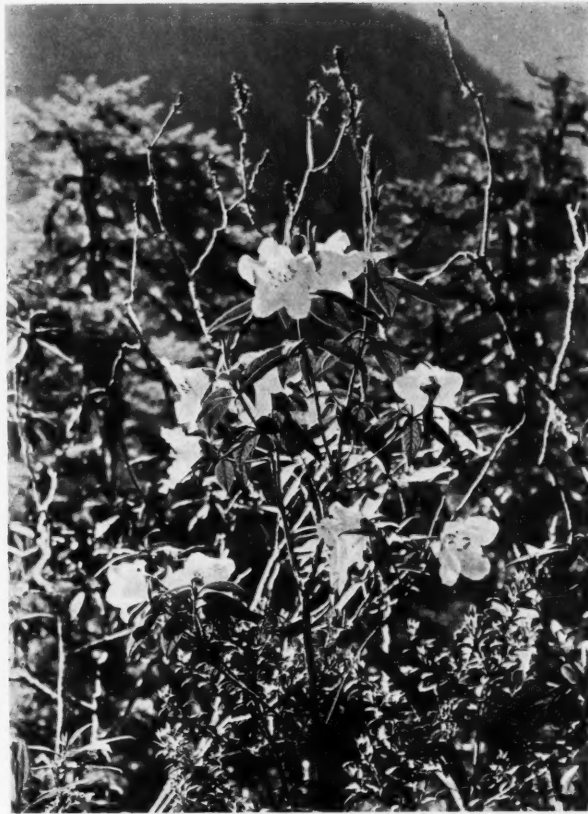
Despite this wealth of incredible colour, despite the magnificent trees, the evergreen oaks, cinnamon, birch, maples, magnolias and



PRIMULA AGLENIANA, VAR. ATRO-CROCEA
Growing at 12,000ft. in the Mishmi Hills.



RHODODENDRON NOTATUM.
Growing at 6,000ft. in a tangle of snow-bound jungle.



RHODODENDRON BULLATUM.
At 10,000ft. in the Mishmi Hills.

many more, the rain forest is, nevertheless, a dreary place during the monsoon. Through the rain mists which come rolling up from the valley the sea-green gloom cast by the heavy foliage distorts the trees and gives to the forest the appearance of a submarine landscape. From the ridge one looks out over the billowy tree-tops foaming with blossom and into the deep lanes between the wrought tree trunks. Festoons of moss hang from the sagging branches of giant junipers and drip stealthily as the air currents pluck them to and fro like seaweed in a tide rip. The spruce trees spread out their flat branches fanwise as coral seen through green water, and the tall larch trees which have had their heads blown off in the gale are the broken masts of derelict ships whose keels lie rotting in the ooze.

In the forest the rich brown soil absorbs water like a sponge, yielding it up again in springs which gush from the steep flanks of the ridge; and the scuppers of the mountain, where myriads of sandflies fog the air, are choked with rare woodland primulas. Here grows the lovely *P. Normanana* with heads of crimson flowers and the drooping golden drops of *P. polonensis*. The rain continues interminably; the muffled thunder of tumbling

waters rises to a roar, accompanied by the loud drumming of rain drops on armour-clad leaves. But it is above the last stunted and broken trees, in the alpine region itself, that the real floral treasure of the Mishmi Hills is revealed. Here, in a harsh desolation, the dwarf scarlet rhododendrons smoulder in the smoking mist, after having cowered fathoms deep for seven months of the year beneath a snow quilt, untroubled by the howling wind which spins off the surface in spirals of powdered glass.

These dwarf rhododendrons are the most wonderful of all alpenes. Whenever a rare shaft of sunshine drives through the huddled clouds the flowers gleam and glitter like jewels. A breeze buffets its way awkwardly up the ridge, and the tossing clots of flowers lift and sink on aromatic seas of sage-green leaves. Gamboge primulas also grow here by the thousand, poking their heads up through the snow, which quickly disappears, leaving the whole sodden turf slope transformed into a field of cloth of gold. Other flowers include powder-blue primulas, like grape hyacinths (*P. apocrita*), scented dwarf irises and nodding red lilies (*nomocharis*).



RH. PATULUM.



MECONOPSIS VIOLACEA, AN ALPINE POPPY.
Growing at 11,000ft. in the Mishmi Hills.



RH. DELEIENSE.

ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

IN THE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH MEDÆVAL ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

AN unprecedented opportunity for the practical study of English illuminated manuscripts exists from now onwards until the middle of September for those who visit the Exhibition of English Mediæval Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the simultaneous exhibition in the Grenville Library at the British Museum. And, although we are here only concerned with the books now exhibited at South Kensington, as these, having been gathered together from the libraries of corporate bodies and private persons, are not ordinarily accessible under one roof, such a dazzling display only serves to emphasise the amazing wealth of the permanent collection at the British Museum.

In the eighty odd picked examples almost every type of book and every school of illumination is represented. The period before the Danish invasions, in which such well known masterpieces as the Lindisfarne Gospels and the Gospels of St. Chad were executed, is represented by two books, but illumination of this date is so purely Celtic in style and had so little subsequent influence that Mr. Eric Millar, whose two recent volumes so admirably deal with our subject, dissociates it entirely from English



1.—ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Psalter. Circa 1175. Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.

work. We begin, therefore, in the tenth century with an altogether new Anglo-Saxon style which was essentially the product of the Winchester school which flourished exceedingly under the famous St. Aethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, from 963 to 984. It is fitting that this great man's *Benedictional*, which is lent by the Duke of Devonshire, should be the outstanding book of the school. The page showing the three Maries at the Sepulchre (Fig. 3) illustrates the vigorous draughtsmanship of the figures and the fine acanthus borders and medallions which are characteristic of these Winchester books. Outline figure drawings were a great feature of Anglo-Saxon illumination, and although they owed much to Carolingian patterns, they far surpassed anything on the Continent at this time.

The new Romanesque style which was adopted after the Norman Conquest is richly represented in the Exhibition. Among the great Bibles, which had replaced the earlier gospel books, the Lambeth Bible, Bishop William of St. Carilef's Bible from Durham, and the magnificent Winchester Bible are shown, and it is of great interest to compare with the page of outline drawings in the last of these a superb fully coloured single leaf from a sister



2.—CAIN KILLING ABEL.

Psalter. Circa 1280. St. John's College, Cambridge.

book, belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. These books from the second Winchester school clearly illustrate the great change in style. The colour was always brilliant and often garish, and



3.—THE THREE MARIES AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Benedictional of St. Aethelwold. Circa 975-980. Duke of Devonshire.



4.—SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN.
The Apocalypse. Circa 1230. Trinity College, Cambridge.

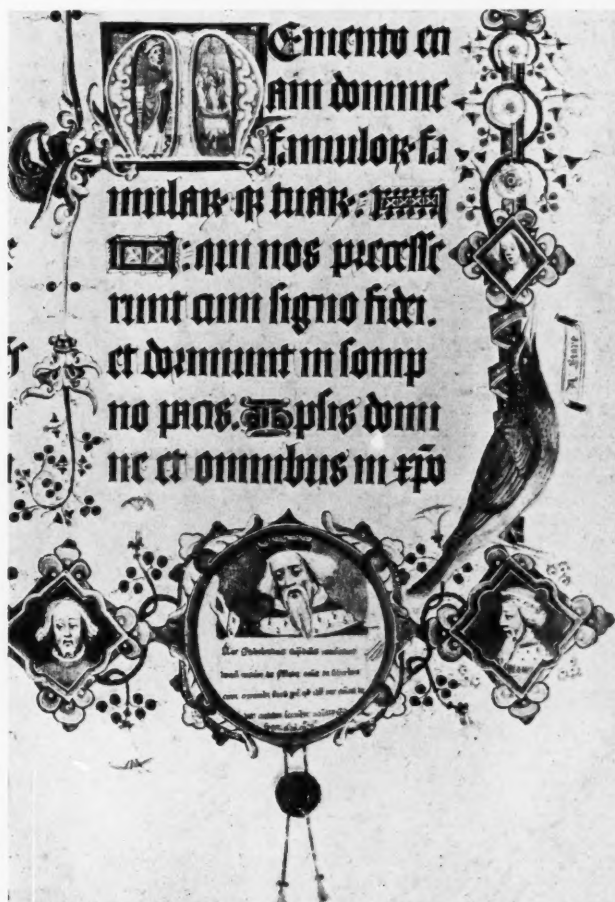
decorative values and an intensely acute feeling for linear rhythm were exalted, often to the extent of the most grotesque contortion of limbs and faces. This purposeful misrepresentation of real life was largely due to the Byzantine influence which made itself felt in every Western art at this period (Fig. 1). But by their great devotion to a symbolised intellectual art the illuminators in all the noted religious centres of the twelfth century produced work of very real æsthetic significance. In addition to Winchester, schools of illumination flourished at Bury St. Edmunds, York, Ramsey Abbey and St. Alban's Abbey.

The evolution of Gothic from Romanesque at the end of the twelfth century is marked by the inevitable stylistic reaction which accompanies every new phase of art. Intricate decoration was now exchanged for a simpler and more naturalistic treatment,

and well worn clichés were banished for a wholesome freshness of style. Such books as the lovely Psalter of Robert de Lindsey, executed at Peterborough in about 1220 (Society of Antiquaries), and the tinted pictures from the Psalter lent by Emmanuel College, Cambridge, show the transition from the one period to the other; while the Early Gothic style is also apparent in the work of William de Brailes (circa 1220-40), one of the few illuminators whose name is known. Every known example of his art is exhibited, notably six leaves from Mr. Chester Beatty's library which were discovered in America by Mr. S. Cockerell, whose monograph on de Brailes is eagerly awaited. By the middle of the century we see the rich flowering of Gothic art, which is represented by a veritable galaxy of splendid manuscripts. Among illuminated books of the thirteenth century, none is a more characteristically English product



5.—CHRIST IN MAJESTY. NUN KNEELING (IN MARGIN).
Psalter of a Nun of Amesbury. Circa 1250. All Souls College, Oxford.



6.—DETAIL SHOWING BORDER.
Sherborne Missal. 1396-1407. Duke of Northumberland.

than the illustrated versions of the Apocalypse which were executed in large numbers both in England and northern France. They are especially richly represented in the Exhibition by such fine examples as those from Trinity College, Cambridge (Fig. 4), Lambeth Palace Library, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and the comparatively little known but beautiful one from Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Morgan's book was executed, in the opinion of Dr. M. R. James, at St. Albans, and has the sensitive tinted outline drawings of the school which worked under the famous historian Matthew Paris.

There was also a notable school of illumination at Salisbury, represented by the exquisite Psalter of a nun of Amesbury (All Souls College, Oxford, Fig. 5), and the famous Psalter belonging to the Duke of Rutland. And we must attribute to some first-rate school the superb Psalter belonging to Mr. Dyson Perrins which has, in addition to over twenty full-page miniatures, the finest possible pen flourish work. The very vigorous pictured leaves from a Psalter (Fig. 2) dating from about 1280 (St. John's College, Cambridge), and Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Windmill Psalter, with its glorious Beatus page glowing with colour like a stained-glass window, by no means complete the list. With the turn of the century the famous East Anglian school had

reached its height. The books in this group are again essentially English in type, and in the Gorleston Psalter (Mr. Dyson Perrins), one of the acknowledged masterpieces of this school, we see at their best the rich heraldic decorations, the delicious scenes from everyday country life, bird-snaring, rabbit-catching, etc., and the humorous grotesque figures which enliven the borders.

With the Black Death the continuity of English illumination is suddenly broken and, although there was a revival at the end of the fourteenth century, the former glory had departed. The magnificent Sherborne Missal from the Duke of Northumberland is the most important book of the new school, and the pictures in the borders, with the names attached, of all the birds in Dorset known to the Benedictine monk who illuminated it are most attractive (Fig. 6).

It is not possible to do more than mention the marvellous technical perfection of such fifteenth century books as *The Hours of Elysabeth ye Quene* (Mr. Dyson Perrins) and the Psalter of Humphrey de Bohun from Exeter College, Oxford, or notice the introduction of grisaille drawing probably from Flanders. But enough has been said to indicate that the importance of the manuscripts in this exhibition cannot be over-estimated.

PHILIP JAMES.

THE NEW NEWMARKET

SO many people are in love with racing on the July Course at Newmarket. The King, if we may say so, with all respect, is appreciative of the absence of convention and conspicuous lack of formality. His Majesty stays only on the plantation side, where is the paddock, accommodation for members of the Jockey Club, luncheon rooms for their convenience and for members of the private stand. Three altogether inadequate stands find a place there at irregular intervals. Everything in that respect is so perfectly haphazard.

The weighing room, the parade ring and the places for saddling, ranging from a few boxes and stalls at one end of the paddock to any old place inside the plantation of tall beech trees, are all on the plantation side. His Majesty never leaves that side, finding pleasure in meeting personal friends and enjoying conversations.

On the other side of the wide course there is a reserved enclosure for members of the private stand separated only by the usual rails from Tattersalls' enclosure. Beyond, and below the winning post, is the lower-priced enclosure. Certainly this is the popular side of the course. But, wherever you may find yourself, it is not possible to have a decent view of the racing. If the finishes are on the higher ground, as so many of them are—I mean the principal winning post—you must frequently almost lose sight of the horses as they race in the Dip just prior to climbing the hill to gain the plateau-like ground which indicates the finish. If the finishes are at the winning post in the Dip, you can see next to nothing, no matter which side you may elect to favour as a vantage point.

It is all very well to talk of the "picnic-like" character of the July Course, but what does it avail to all who wish to be brought into close contact with the racing if it cannot be properly viewed? These thoughts are suggested by rumours which were widely current last week that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are recommending a drastic reconstruction of the course, a scrapping of the present stands, and an entirely new scheme of providing the public with facilities for seeing the racing, as, of course, they are entitled to do.

I hope most sincerely that rumour may prove to be well founded. Never were racecourse stands so utterly inadequate and hopeless, so utterly opposed to the naturally unique and pleasant amenities of the course.

No doubt a comprehensive scheme would involve the Jockey Club in a very big outlay, and one does not forget that they must have spent many tens of thousands in re-building the stands on the Rowley Mile Course until to-day they can claim to possess by far the finest range of stands in the country. Ascot is ludicrously out of date by comparison. A new Newmarket is being evolved.

To carry out what I have heard proposed would, I imagine, involve the Jockey Club in a further expenditure of more tens of thousands, and yet it might prove to be the best policy in the end, for no sort of improvements on an instalment system will avail. And, if they were carried out, then let us hope the Jockey Club would allot themselves another fixture amid such a perfect setting and so give us another four days in addition to the seven which at present constitute the whole of the summer season on this July Course at headquarters.

Such a scheme as I have suggested may or may not be carried out. It may have to be postponed on the ground of expense. There can, however, be no sort of excuse for postponing any longer a drastic re-framing of the whole of the racing programmes at these July fixtures, and in particular of those submitted at the meeting last week. Really they were lamentably weak.

The same criticism has been made year after year and year after year, but the same old fare has been produced. This is all the more surprising when one is in no sort of doubt that the Jockey Club of to-day is unquestionably looking ahead in so

many respects and yet is content to be satisfied with the puerile stuff served up last week.

I do beg of the present Stewards to instil some new life into the July Course racing and remove the reproach that they are satisfied to be content with what served twenty, thirty or forty years ago and should, therefore, be acceptable to-day. One cannot expect high-class horses to be competing in every race and every day. They do not exist in sufficient numbers and their appearances must necessarily be few. Yet it should not present any serious difficulty to get out of a rut in which Newmarket summer season racing has been far too long.

From a racing point of view one of the four days last week stood out in the matter of real interest. The first day had been tame in the extreme, things were rather brighter on the Wednesday, and then came the really attractive third stage, with the clashing of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Bosworth; the Hardwicke Stakes winner, Alcester; and the three year old Press Gang for the Princess of Wales's Stakes. Bosworth had to give 6lb. to Alcester. Probably Mr. Dawkins would have separated them by a wider margin. As it was, Lord Harewood was by no means without hope that Alcester would give Bosworth a good race and perhaps win. He did not. Bosworth would have won quite easily had Alcester been the only one he had to beat.

To the three year old, Bosworth had to give 21lb., or 6lb. more than weight for age. And that was where he failed. Bosworth beat him quite convincingly by two lengths in what was a true-run race. That for the Gold Cup at Ascot, as I wrote at the time, had been a mere caricature of a race. Taking the form as it stands, Bosworth and Press Gang are approximately the same at weight for age. It is my belief that Press Gang is still nothing like being at his best. His trainer, Fred Darling, was not wholly satisfied with him on this occasion, but then he sets a very high standard. However, the son of Hurry On and Finella must have been in pretty good shape or he would not have run out his race over a mile and a half so unflinchingly.

Press Gang is a handsome colt of beautiful action, but when he was in the enclosure after being unsaddled I could not help noticing that his feet showed more shelliness than I have ever noticed before. As a rule, such feet indicate soles too close to the ground, and hard going, one would think, cannot be ideal for them. It was so very firm on the July Course last week as to rule out horses that must have yielding going. Press Gang did not seem to mind. A once great trainer remarked to me: "Good horses, if they are good, will show their form on any sort of going and on any sort of course."

It is, of course, lamentable that the colt is not in the St. Leger; neither is he in the Eclipse Stakes, to be decided next week-end. However, there is no use rubbing this in to Lord Woolavington and his trainer. He will be given plenty of opportunities to show the world that he is what I always thought him to be—the best colt of his time.

The race I have been referring to was preceded by an unusually attractive affair for the July Cup, a six-furlong weight for age event with penalties. The Jockey Club this year added £1,000 to the sweepstakes. Formerly they added nothing at all, so that it was a very small sum that Tiffin won for Lord Ellesmere a year ago after she had beaten Royal Minstrel a short head. The outstanding favourite now was Mr. J. B. Joel's Tag End, who signally failed to stay the sixth furlong. Some people think he has turned ungenerous, but I believe he does not really get the distance. I remember how badly he failed for the King George Stakes at Goodwood last year, the distance being six furlongs.

The winner of this Cup last week was Sir Cosmo, who had been regarded as having lost his once bright form. Yet he made a marvellous "come back," to the amazement of all familiar with his career. For one thing, an entirely unknown jockey, in one

named G. Swann, who, I take it, is an employee of the stable, had the mount, and right well did he acquit himself. The horse has evidently developed a temper and undesirable ways, for he was in a double bridle and there was an attendant at the post to assist in getting him under control so that he might start with the rest. He made so light of his 11lb. that he was able to win by a neck, and, on the face of it, he must now be accepted as the best sprinter in the country. Qurrat-al-Ain, who was receiving 15lb., finished with a great burst of speed to gain second place from Oak Ridge, and Tag End had to put up with fourth place.

Of the two year old racing I must specially mention the win of the July Stakes by Lord Ellesmere's filly, Four Course, by Tetratema from Dinner. First time out she was second to Goyescas at Ascot for the Chesham Stakes. This time, although inclined to swerve after hanging to her left for a long way, she was still able to beat the American-bred colt Sir Andrew, who was thought by all Newmarket folk to be unbeatable. Four Course may never be as brilliant as Tiffin, but no one can name a better filly of her age.

One of the long-priced winners of the meeting was Mr. W. M. Cazalet's Shell Transport, a colt by Pommern that was able to win the Exeter Stakes by half a length from another ignored one in Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's Concerto, a colt by Orpheus from Constellation. Then, third, was the one that most backers would have preferred to see in front passing the judge—Sir Abe Bailey's colt by Winalot from Giroflée that had cost him 3,100 guineas as a yearling.

Mention of the prominence of a sale yearling reminds me of last year's yearling sales at Newmarket the first of the year. Here there were offered twelve yearlings from the National Stud, and in the aggregate they made 15,400 guineas, giving an average of 1,283 guineas. I regard this as very satisfactory in the circumstances, for several of the lots were by the Stud's own sire, Diligence, to whom buyers have not yet been definitely attracted, though Sir Henry Greer, the director, has the utmost faith in him. At least, I have rarely looked on a more perfectly made colt than the one by Diligence from Blanche (dam of Blandford), and, quite rightly, he made the top price of the sale with a good margin in hand above the next highest. The brown filly by Phalaris from Sword Play (dam of Challenger, who made 5,000 guineas as a yearling) would have made far more than 1,300 guineas to Colonel Clare but for her most indifferent fore legs. She is very back at both knees. The Blanche colt's buyer was Captain Cecil Boyd Rochfort, who was doubtless buying for one of his rich American patrons.



SIR COSMO, WINNER OF THE JULY CUP.

As regards the yearlings generally which were offered last week, I thought them a most moderate lot on the whole. Some will prove dear at any price. A few may prove bargains, because bargains are always possible in the sale ring, but the majority were not a good advertisement for the future of the breed in this country. It is just as well to be truthful on this subject. PHILIPPOS.

Stable and Saddle, by Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. Illustrated by Ludwig Koch. (Methuen, 18s.)

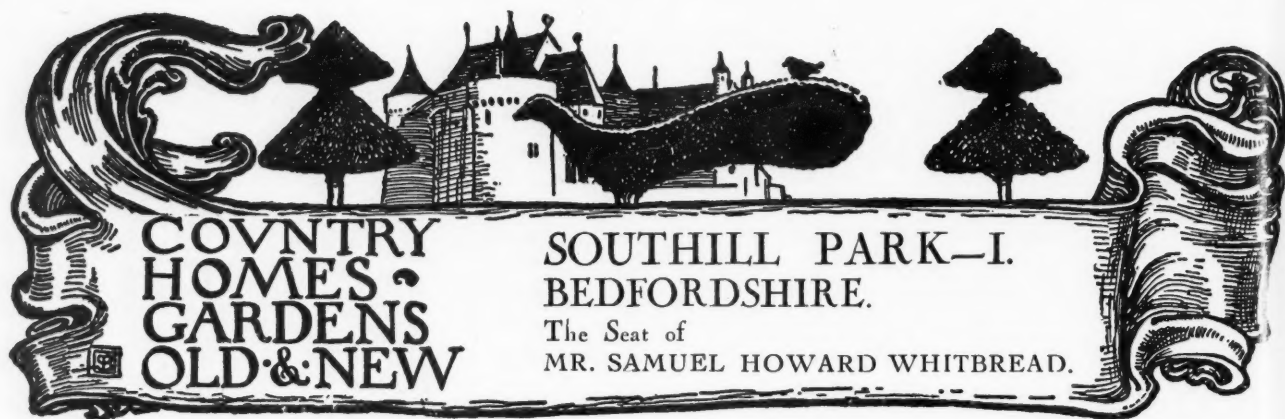
COLONEL McTAGGART has written another book, and this time he has divided it into sixty-eight "Views"—views held by him and not necessarily shared by all other experts on the horse. There are views on "Stumbling" and "Going Down Hill," on "Rubbered Reins" and "Haute Ecole," on "Mounting Blocks," "Stones in the Manger" and "Furze": and (just in case you might have forgotten Colonel McTaggart's views on those matters) we have again the views on "A Leg for a Boot" and "The Forward Seat." As to all that, Colonel McTaggart is certainly the World's Champion (or, at any rate, the Horse-World's Champion) Coat Trailer. He will trail his coat on any provocation, and clearly enjoys doing it: but, what is more important to his readers, he clearly does it from a genuine love of horses and enthusiasm for horsemanship. Actually, the differences between Colonel McTaggart and other experts are, in many instances, more apparent than real. Where there is an unreality it springs from the author's little weakness (in part acknowledged by him) for over-stating his case. The Colonel is not, that is to say, so shocking a revolutionary as he would have you at first to suppose. On the other hand, he is not quite so logical a stater of his case as, from his opening, you may hope that he is going to be. And if you sometimes catch the Colonel trailing that coat on rather slender provocation, you will sometimes think the provocation so slight that no one will bother to jump on the coat at all. But do not, on that account, allow yourself to overlook the author's views on "Gruel," "Riding Without Stirrups," "Jumping Competitions"—and on half a dozen other matters of which he either has something new and very valuable to say or usefully re-states a modern point of view. The book is somewhat cumbersome (and also somewhat costly). Of fifty-four illustrations a full half seem to me remarkably good and lively, and some of the others quite extraordinarily uninteresting. There is a coloured frontispiece of Colonel McTaggart on his horse. "Contrary to all custom, I ride with shortened reins," says the Colonel on page 44. But he doesn't ride with shortened reins in the frontispiece, so far as I can see. C.

Canine Nursing, by David Eric Wilkinson. M.R.C.V.S. (Watmoughs, Idle, 3s. 6d.)

TO employ an old tag, Mr. Wilkinson has supplied a long-felt want. His little monograph on canine nursing says succinctly all that we want to know on this useful subject. He is helpful to the amateur as well as to members of his own profession. Most of the canine ailments require careful nursing. In some cases this is more important than drugs, yet how few dog owners understand the elements of the duties that should be performed. Not even how to bandage. A. CROXTON SMITH.



PRESS GANG, WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.



Samuel Whitbread, the statesman, employed Henry Holland to re-face and alter an earlier house of the Byngs which his father had bought in 1795.

THE big plain house that stands among magnificent woods between Shefford and Biggleswade is really the product of the puritan Bedfordshire landscape. The Whitbreads had lived in the neighbourhood long before the first Samuel Whitbread made his fortune and bought the estate in 1795. Traditionally, they had lands here soon after the Conquest and among the jurors of Gravenhurst, in a thirteenth century document, there appears one Roger, called alternately Whytbred and Blauncpayn. They were yeomen farmers in Cardington and Gravenhurst when Bunyan roved around Elstow and, some believe, saw in the gentle rise on which Southill stands to-day the Delectable Mountains of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. At that time William Whitbread "espoused the cause of his country," and Cromwell is reported to have said of him that he could not do without "the red haired captain." During Charles II's reign Southill became the home of Lord Chief Justice Kelynge, who succeeded Hyde in 1663 in that office. No true Bedfordshireman, he was a violent cavalier, and narrowly escaped punishment for contempt of Magna Carta. Some years before 1700 his son, Sir John Kelynge, sold the place to Admiral Sir George Byng, in 1721 created Lord Torrington. In the vault of Southill Church is the coffin of his son with its famous inscription:

To the Perpetual Disgrace of Public Justice
The Hon. John Byng Esqr
Admiral of the Blue
Fell a Martyr to Political Persecution
March 14th in the year 1757
When Bravery and Loyalty were insufficient securities
For the Life and Honour
Of a Naval Officer.

At about the same time Samuel Whitbread, a grandson of the

red-haired captain, born in 1720, had entered into partnership in the London brewery to which his mother had apprenticed him at the age of fourteen. This first objective in his prosperous career had been realised only by indomitable perseverance, though it is said that his boyhood's friend and kinsman, John Howard, assisted him with some capital. In after years this was to be richly repaid to the great prison reformer by the brewer and politician. For Samuel Whitbread I in 1768 began the long period of enlightened service in the House of Commons, carried on successively by Samuel II, William Henry, Samuel Charles, Samuel III and Samuel Howard, the present owner of Southill, which lasted, with a few short interruptions, till 1910. The second and third Samuels each declined the offer of a seat in the Upper House, and the latter the Speaker's chair.

In 1795 Samuel Whitbread the elder bought Southill from Lord Torrington for £85,500. He did so, no doubt, in the same spirit in which, some years before, he had bought the family farm at adjoining Cardington, "because," he wrote:

it was the place of my birth and inheritance of my Fathers. And as it has pleased God to bless me with good abundance who went out, as Jacob said, "with my staff only" (for being the seventh of eight children and the youngest of five sons my patrimony was only £2,000), I have all along in life thought it my duty to shew some gratitude to Almighty God, who maketh poor and maketh rich, by improving the place I was born in, and also to make it more acceptable to my children and their posterity, and I humbly hope that by the blessing of God it may remain with them and in the name of my Fathers for many more generations. Amen.

Many another yeoman family has risen to wealth and importance in the same way, but few, if any, have carried with them the yeoman's contentment at being a plain country gentleman and the Puritan's preference for solid virtues to outward show.



Copyright.

1.—THE NORTH FRONT.

The gate dates from the Byng ownership and has been recently re-erected.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



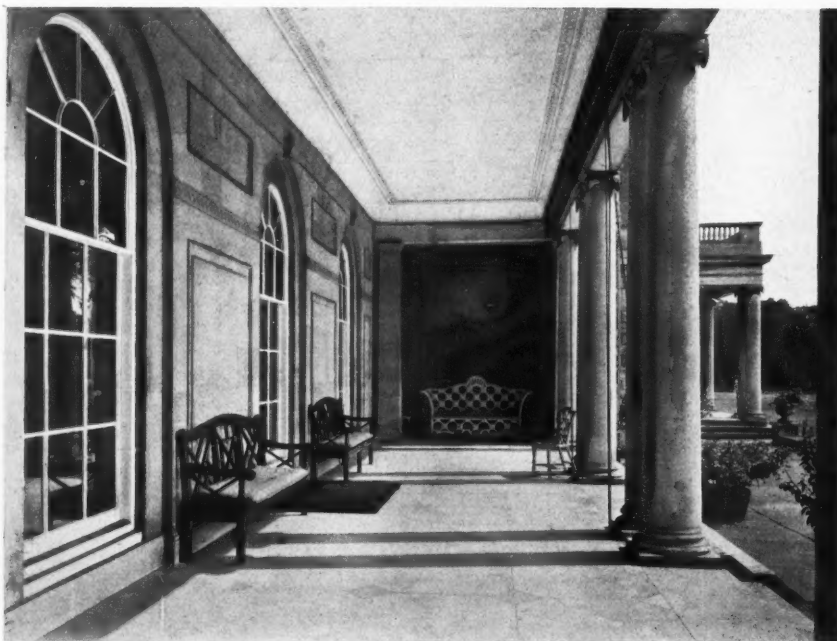
Copyright.

3.—THE SOUTH LOGGIAS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—THE SOUTH FRONT, FROM DOWN THE VISTA.



5.—BENEATH ONE OF THE LOGGIAS.



Copyright. 6.—A LEAD FIGURE ON THE NORTH TERRACE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

It was this unassuming attitude that Henry Holland was called upon to express in re-building Southill for Samuel Whitbread II, the prominent Whig politician, between 1795 and 1800, the elder Whitbread having died in 1796. But while the sturdy yet refined intellect of his client is, no doubt, largely responsible for the type of building erected and the restrained character of its unusually complete decoration, it was a fortunate circumstance that led Samuel Whitbread to build during this particular decade. Many of the most brilliant men of the epoch, of whom Fox, Lambton and Grey had been his friends at Eton, and Sheridan his later intimate, shared the same point of view which, owing in some measure to the personality of the Prince of Wales, was also the fashionable *culte* at this time. And in Holland this Whig aristocracy had found an architect of genius who by 1795 had perfected a style admirably adapted to express their ideals of simplicity, solidity



7.—JOCK, BY G. GARRARD, 1806.

and refinement. The Whig attitude was revolutionary, in so far that it sympathised with the establishment of the Directory in France and with the sentiments of Rousseau; in so far that it was impatient with the Renaissance tradition in the decorative arts and demanded a break with the elegancies of Wyatt and Sheraton. But the very radicalism of Rousseau involved a return to ancient standards of purity and seemliness, so that the Whigs, like the French revolutionaries, expressed their ideals in a medium of strict classicism that, in a sense, was even more conservative than what they sought to replace. These characteristics find perfect expression in Holland's mature style. His earlier works—Claremont for Lord Clive (1763-73) and Brooks's Club (1777-78)—are still in the Palladian mode as adapted by Adam and Wyatt. But by 1783, when the Prince of Wales put him in charge of the reconstruction



8.—LEAD GROUP BEFORE THE SOUTH FRONT.

of Carlton House, he had simplified and solidified his conceptions. The son of a big building contractor, Holland was not only a master of style, but a sound practical architect and a business man with considerable capital behind him. Besides reviving the use of cob, or *pisé de terre*, in England (he translated a treatise on its use from the French in 1791), he bought and laid out Sloane Street, Cadogan Place and Hans



9.—THE END OF THE SOUTH VISTA.

Crescent as a speculation in 1780, himself inhabiting a commodious villa surrounded by gardens either in the latter or on the site of Cadogan Square. The introduction of graining and marbling from France, attributed to him, is another instance of the resource with which he met the rising costs and simpler tastes of his time

Out of this sound basis and this assimilation of French



Copyright.

10.—LEAD FIGURES ON THE NORTH TERRACE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—THE FISHING TEMPLE BEYOND THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

methods his personal style developed. His debt to French architects of Louis XVI's later years is considerable, but he only translated their methods to meet English cases, and his success is owing primarily to the fact that he was an artist of real invention and distinction. He gradually eliminated the Orders from his designs and reduced the application of ornament to a minimum, procuring his effects by sheer excellence of proportion and finish. His greatest works, Carlton House and the 1791-1809 Drury Lane Theatre, no longer exist to enable us to set him for comparison beside the greatest of his predecessors, and in any case, he was not called upon when at the height of his powers to do more than re-cast existing domestic buildings. But in the interiors of Southill and Althorp, and in a less degree at Broadlands and Woburn, his work is admirably represented, enabling all to understand, if not to share, the estimate of some critics who regard him as the outstanding architect of his epoch.

For Samuel Whitbread's purposes he was the ideal architect, and the following lines beneath his bust at Southill (Fig. 13) show that he was something more. Whitbread clearly shared with Fox and Sheridan a real affection for Holland, in spite of what the Tory Horace Walpole said of his having "so much of the spirit of a lucrative profession as to prefer destroying to not being employed."

Business is often Friendship's end,
From business once there rose a
Friend.

Holland! That friend I found in
thee.

Thy loss I feel when'er I see
The labours of thy polish'd mind;
Thy loss I feel when'er I find
The comforts of this happy place;
Thy loss I feel when'er I trace
In house, in garden, or in ground
The scene of every social round.
Farewell! In life I honoured thee;
In death thy name respected be.

S. W. Southill, Sept. 1806.

The house consists of a square central block of three storeys and an attic, connected with two pavilion blocks by low wings, in the roofs of which top-lit corridors provide communication at first-floor level. The façade is unusually long, nearly a hundred yards, and on the north, converted by Holland into the entrance front, is of extreme simplicity, exaggerated by the unfortunate substitution of plate-glass casements for the original sash windows. In the elevation Holland discarded even the few Palladian conventions that he had retained at Althorp, such as the modillioned cornice. The design relies for its effect purely on the harmony of its proportions and the clean simplicity of its lines. A central feature is formed by

a semi-octagonal bow window, which was not, however, the front door, that having been an unassuming aperture immediately west of the pediment. On the formation of the present entrance and *porte cochère* at the west end of the building this doorway relapsed to the status of a French window, from which, in fact, it was never distinguished. Holland's failure to provide an adequate entrance, and the rather feeble subterfuge of putting a bay window where it ought to be, is a serious defect in an otherwise fine design, corrected though it has been to some extent by the formation of the west entrance.

The south front (Fig. 2) has more cohesion and incident, relieved, as it is, by three loggias, the lateral pair filling the recesses between main block and pavilions, and the former with a bold projection. The pavilions, moreover, are rusticated at both storeys, whereas only the ground floor was so treated on the north front. The plan is extremely simple and, once we accept its attenuation, convenient. The central block is occupied by the principal reception



12.—THE BACK OF THE TEMPLE.

rooms, and the east pavilion by the family apartments. The west pavilion originally contained a set of visitors' living-rooms, but is now chiefly occupied by the entrance hall. The low connecting wings each contain a gallery along their south faces, the northern half accommodating a long library in the west wing and small rooms in the east. A basement underlies the whole length of the house, and on the north side is lit by a wide area.

This peculiar plan is inherited from the earlier Byng house, the main walls of which Holland preserved and encased in the fine yellow stone of the district—a process illustrated in G. Garrard's picture (Fig. 14). The eighteenth century house, together with its lay-out, is shown in the interesting original drawing by Badslade (Fig. 10), from which we may see that it was entered from the south and infer that the Byngs (1730) added the wings and pavilions to the seventeenth century Kelynge



13.—BUST OF HENRY HOLLAND, BY C. GARRARD.

house. As found by Holland, the centre block consisted in a tall nucleus flanked by Mansard roofed adjuncts that projected some yards southwards. Holland filled in this recessed centre, forming the pedimented projection seen in Fig. 2, and raised the adjuncts to be included under a single roof. To the north he kept the walls as he found them, the pedimented centre here representing the original Kelynge house, though here, again, the adjuncts were raised. He remodelled the pavilions and entirely re-built the wings which, originally colonnades, had been re-built by the Byngs.

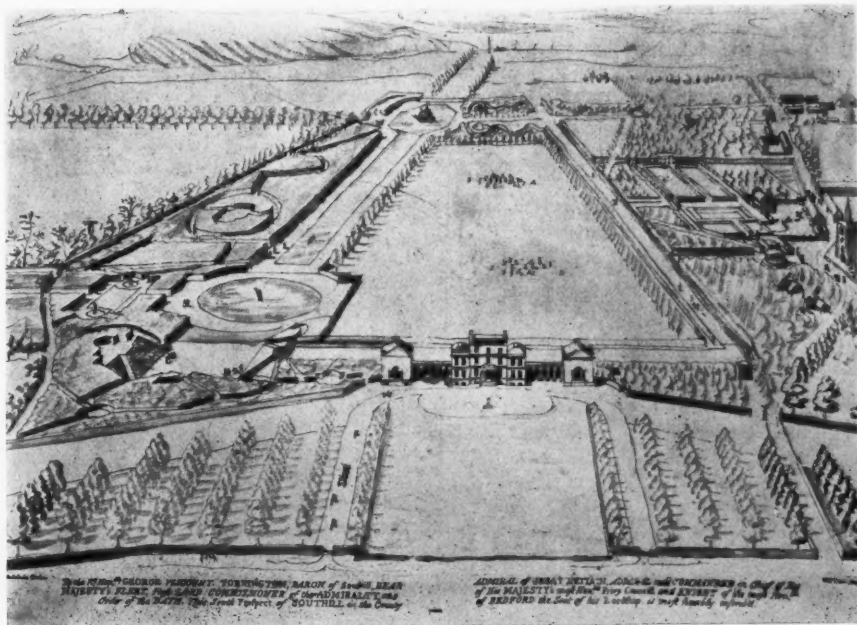
In a book of plans, which is the only record preserved of Holland's connection with Southill, are shown several of the Byng rooms decorated in the manner of Abraham Swan, and an alternative plan by Holland. From these we find that the front door shown in Badslade's view opened into one end of a hall two bays long, and that the three centre bays of the



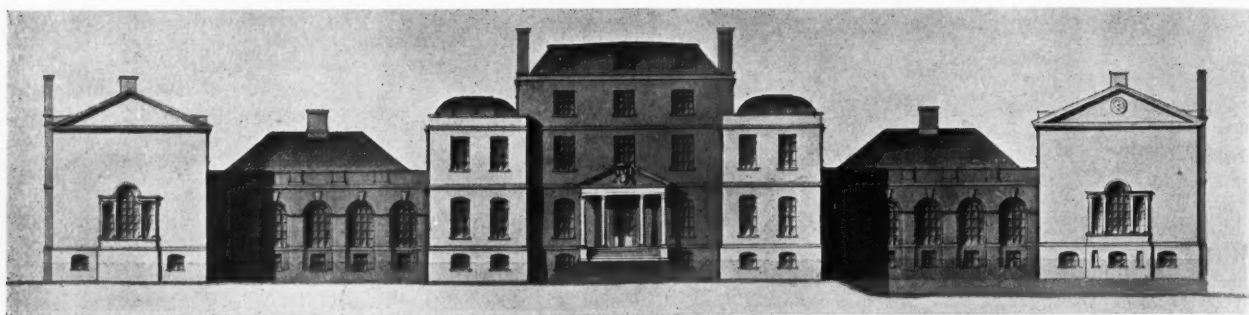
14.—THE RE-BUILDING OF SOUTHILL, BY G. GARRARD.



15.—"SMEATON'S BRIDGE" AT THE LAKESIDE.



16.—SOUTHILL, FROM THE SOUTH, c. 1740, BY BADSLADE.



Copyright.

17.—ELEVATION OF THE NORTH FRONT BEFORE HOLLAND'S REMODELLING. "COUNTRY LIFE."

north front contained a drawing-room. A two-storeyed library ran north and south in the west adjunct, and one of the pavilions was used as a ballroom.

Holland's south loggias (Fig. 3) are beautiful examples of his best period of design, owing much to French precedent in the delicate panelling and clean reveals of their inner surfaces. Their general treatment is an advance upon that of the somewhat similar recessed portico at Broadlands. In the colonnades he used his favourite Ionic order, the columns resembling those of the entrance screen at Carlton House that Nash re-used for the conservatories at Buckingham Palace and some of which found their way to the orangery at Kew. The white seat and fret-backed garden chair seen in Fig. 5 no doubt date from the Byng house, the furniture of which was included in the sale, and belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Before one of these loggias stands a charming little monument to a favourite spaniel (Fig. 7), the "figure" modelled by Garrard in Coade stone. On the pedestal, beneath which is a drinking basin, is another example of Samuel Whitbread's verse :

The good, the faithful and the just
Are honoured in the silent dust.
Near his beloved mistress' seat
Departed Jock such honours meet.
Ye dogs who in succession share
Your kindest lady's tender care,
Drink at this fount, for see above
A model of the truest love
That ever warmed your faithful race ;
This living form you then may trace,
Drink at the fount and humbly vie
With him in matchless constancy.

S. W. 1806.

Jock.

For a parallel monument we have to go to the tablet above the door of Harefield Church to Mr. Mossendew, where an honest keeper and his "steady pointer" are presented in rococo verse and relief.

Sculpture of another kind forms the chief feature of the gardens, apart from the excellent innovations by Mrs. Whitbread, who has introduced modern schemes of planting beyond the immediate surroundings of the house. Before the centre of the south front is a magnificent lead group (Fig. 8), and single figures line the broad vista beyond, which is terminated by Giovanni Bologna's Samson and the Philistine, the original of which is at Hovingham (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LXII, page 888). Other lead figures (Figs. 6 and 10) adorn the terrace before the north front. They represent the "remainders" of the famous emporium of garden sculpture and mantelpieces established at Hyde Park Corner by Van Nost and continued by Sir Henry Cheere, an excellent sculptor who made his fortune out of the business, earned a baronetcy and died full of honours in 1783. The rise of Coade's factory of artificial stone and the decline in statuary's popularity, brought about by the fashion for landscape gardening, caused the Hyde Park Corner yard

to fall into disrepute, and eventually the entire stock was bought by a certain Mr. Bell of the Borough. An agreement exists dated 1812 in which Bell charges Whitbread £700 for "all the Casts from Statues and the mutilated parts of Statues standing on the Premises of Mr. Brooks, smith in White Street." The transaction is also referred to by J. T. Smith in *Nollekens and His Times*. Whitbread had bought £200 worth of antique fragments from Nollekens, who was interested to see the man sent to pack them up using screws instead of nails. On being asked why, the man replied, "Lord, Sir, I used screws to all the cases of the Piccadilly leaden figures." The fact was, Smith explains, that "a man in the Borough had purchased the greater number of Cheere's lead figures at the auction in Piccadilly. Mr. Whitbread bought nearly the whole of them, and had them put up and sent to his pleasure grounds with as much caution as if they had been looking glass."

This use of sculpture to provide a formal setting to the house indicates that Whitbread had assimilated the doctrines of his fellow-Whigs, Uvedale Price and Payne Knight, who at this time were advocating a revival of formality in the immediate surroundings of the house. Though the sculptures arrived after Holland's death, the introduction of the balustrade on the north terrace presumably dates from his time. The iron gates in the centre, however, which bear the Byng arms, were not put here till 1900, having previously lain in a butcher's yard in Shefford. The purpose of this terrace is to conceal a private road running at its base and askew with the front of the house.

From the terrace stretches an expanse of park, with a large lake in the distance, the farther banks of which are heavily wooded. Badslade's view shows an elaborate arrangement of bosquets and a canal running north and south towards the present lake. A shallow depression in the park probably preserves the line of the canal. Samuel Whitbread, however, swept it all away in his landscaping of the park, in which he was probably assisted by Holland, son-in-law of "Capability" Brown and responsible for the landscaping of the park at Althorp. On the edge of the lake is the beautiful little bridge (Fig. 15) traditionally designed by Smeaton, but quite typical of Holland. At the far end, and looking across the water to the distant house, is a fishing temple (Fig. 11) of white brick, connected with which are two cottages concealed by trees. The back of the group is admirably organised into an architectural scheme rendered all the more impressive by the magnificent Scots firs that surround it. The interior of the temple has an elaborate plaster ceiling, and formerly contained marble statues of Æsculapius and Hygeia. Each of the columns of the portico has the name of one of Samuel II's children engraved on its base, recalling to us the simple faith of the elder Samuel, who, nevertheless, might well have looked askance at his brilliant son's extravagance in making Southill so very much "more acceptable to my children and their posterity."

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE DAY

IN the dark night
I lost the fingers
Of my last friend, Sleep,
And now,
Dawn parts the curtains
With a silver sword
Showing the lovely sweep
Of you, remote and still,
A faint smile carved
Upon your careless lips—
Unknowing of this game
Which ends to-day

Twixt Fate and me,
Her dread card on its way
Relentlessly ;
Soon it will lie
Among the cheerful panoply
Of the old polished table we have loved,
Pushed to the sun,
Where lilac in a jug,
Gay Chinese mats,
Brown eggs, in
Aunt Augusta's woolly caps,
And yellow balls of butter

Are such fun.
And now,
Here is the day
Which galloping,
Or creeping away,
Leaving you gay or bored
Will bring me fear or comfort,
Joy or sabled sorrow,
Pain or ecstasy
For company,—
When hope must live, or die,
And with it, I.

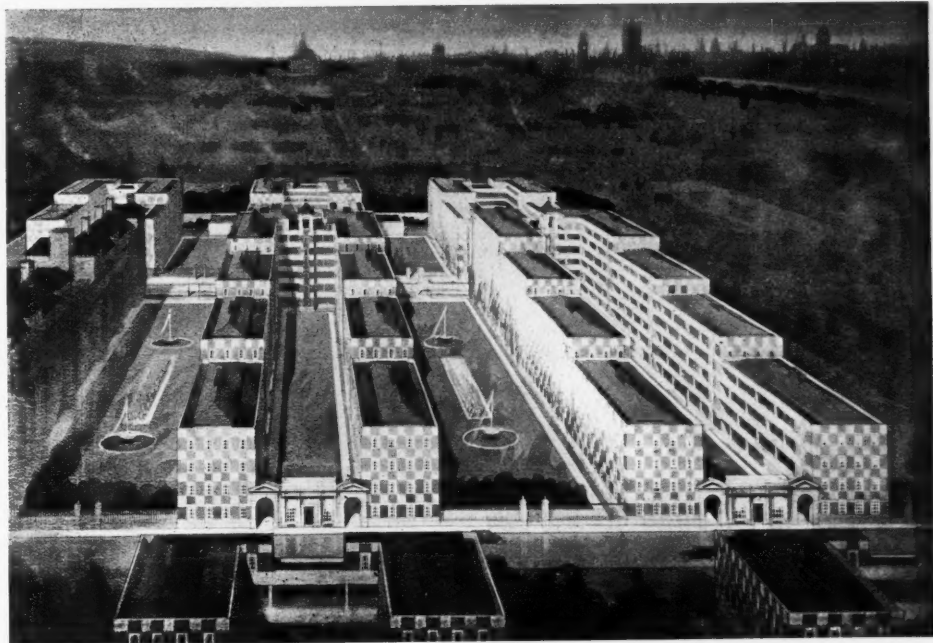
DOREMY OLLAND

THE GROSVENOR HOUSING SCHEME, MILLBANK

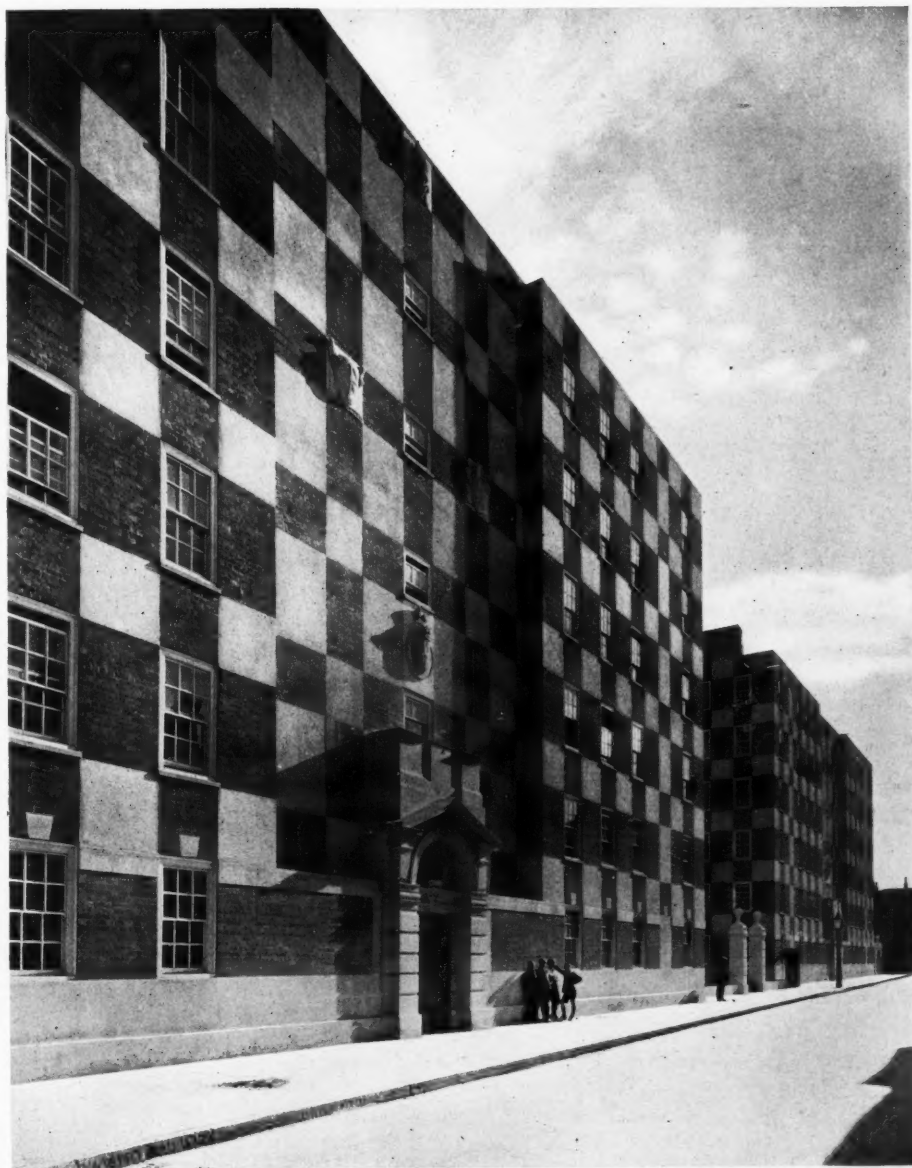
Nobody but Sir Edwin Lutyens would have "had the cheek" to design a platoon of housing blocks like this. Nobody else would have thought of arranging windows, squares of brick, and squares of white Portland cement into elevations like chessboards. One has only to look round at any block of workmen's flats in London. Either they are built of yellow stock bricks, or have a quantity of emaciated and undersized pilasters, architraves, etc., applied with the idea of giving a little interest to blocks without any intrinsic personality. Some of the L.C.C. blocks behind the Millbank Gallery are simple and dignified in design, with a pleasant air of domesticity about them. But the weakness of them all is that, on an ordinary London day, they are gloomy, dull, depressing. The first thing Sir Edwin seems to have said to himself when designing these blocks was, "Light. Let's make these buildings look bright in all weathers. Get contrast without shadow. The effect of light by contrast!" The relation of the blocks to one another, and the planning of the flats, as well as the treatment of the elevations, have all proceeded from this primary determination to secure the maximum of light. The effect on a bright day is dazzling at present. But even when the walls have toned down—though the best Portland cement keeps its whiteness longer than Portland stone—and on a gloomy day, the effect will be brilliant in comparison to that of the buildings round about.

The two completed blocks, opened by H.R.H. Princess Mary this week, stand on the south side of Vincent Street. When completed there will be seven blocks in all, stretching north to Horseferry Road, containing a total of 604 flats. The two completed blocks cost £42,400 and contain thirty-five flats each, comprising eleven one-roomed flats, eleven of two rooms, twelve of three and one of four, exclusive of kitchen, entrance lobby and w.c. The rents are 5s. 7d. a week for a one room flat, 9s. 10d. for two rooms, 13s. 5d. for three, and 16s. for a four-roomed flat. All flats have windows facing south, most east or west as well; all kitchens face either north or, when shaded by the galleries, east or west. There will be a clear open space between the blocks, 60ft. wide east to west, running from north to south, giving a free circulation of air and the maximum of sunshine. As each block is built round three sides of a large quadrangle, there will be yet more space between blocks from south to north.

The whole design is of the simplest description—so simple that nobody has done it before. Using the traditional English materials of brick and slate, and traditional conception of a house, Sir Edwin has composed his design in terms of colour, on which city buildings in the future will



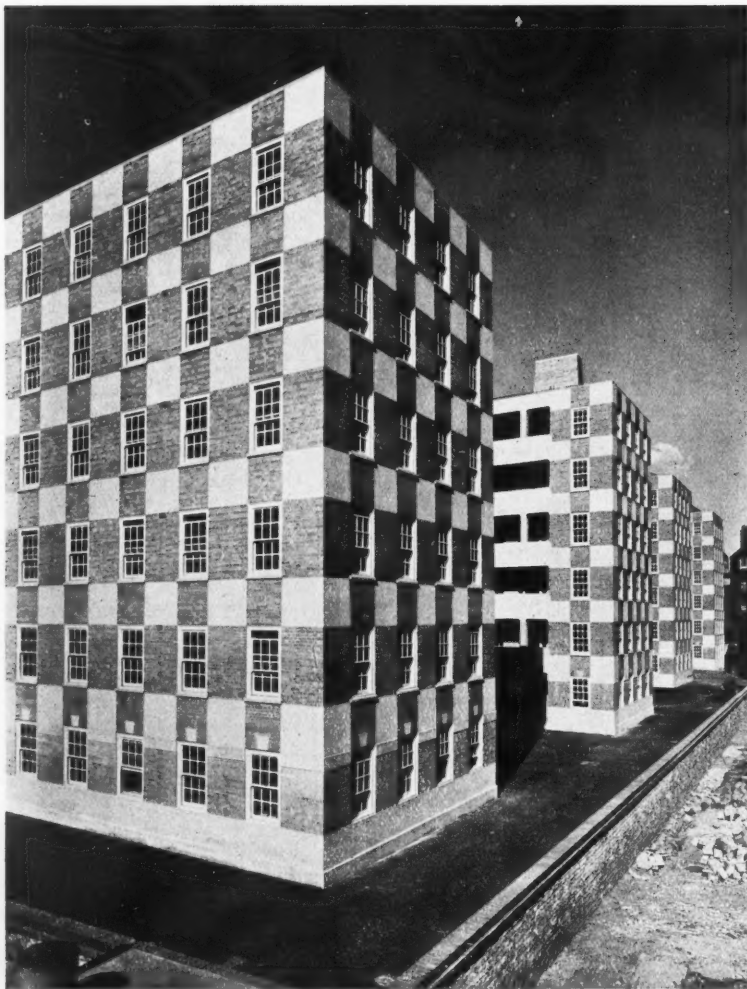
THE SCHEME AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED, LOOKING NORTH.



THE NORTH ELEVATION, ON VINCENT STREET.



THE GALLERIED SOUTH FRONT.

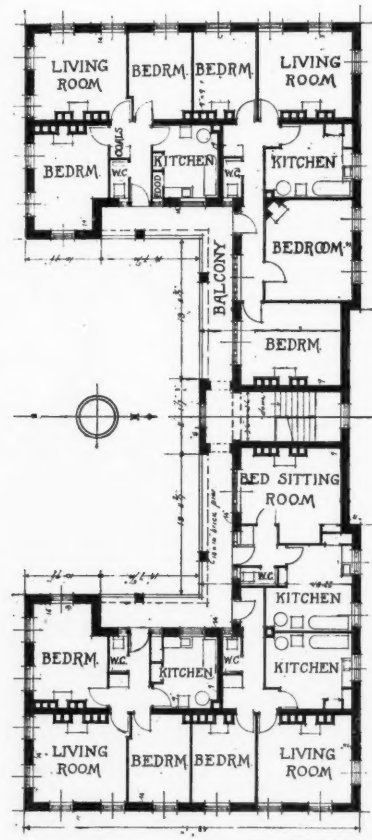


A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

increasingly, and excludingly, rely. On their exterior faces the blocks have no features whatever except on the blank walls containing the staircase above the entrance to each block. There are cut four coats of arms—the Royal cypher, Edward the Confessor, the City of Westminster, and the Duke of Westminster. But, as in all Sir Edwin's work, there is subtlety behind the simplicity. The solidity of each block, that gives one a sense of well-being, is conveyed by a batter of 6 ins. from base to parapet on every wall, and windows diminish slightly in size as they rise. Moreover, all drain and service pipes are carried down the inner, galleried, face of the blocks where they are invisible and readily accessible. The facing bricks are Leicestershire greys—of a soft mauve; the sills and copings of York stone, the base of Portland stone, and the white chequers a fine brand of Portland cement. The roof is of very thick green slates, and all the flues are concentrated, by a simple arrangement of plan, into five stacks in each block. Concrete galleries are arranged in tiers on the quadrangle faces, and give access to the flats. A thoughtful provision is that the entrances to the flats are so arranged that no two adjoin one another, thus ensuring as much privacy as possible.

These galleried façades, being natural expressions of the use of concrete, are what is generally called "modern" in appearance. But though the whole building is as "modern" as can be in its elimination of ornament, its simplicity and utilitarian planning, it has not the faintest suggestion of that bleak distortion, whether of forms or habits, that is apparently inherent in professedly "modern" work. The majority of architects in any country given this job, would have made it an opportunity for exhibiting how up-to-date they were and, nine times out of ten, have produced flats that, on paper, would have been marvellously efficient and flooded with light, but in fact—and in London—have been chilly, repulsive and dank. Or, like the talented architects of the Amsterdam housing blocks, have given one flat a shop window, and the next a horizontal loophole on the level of the floor. But here comes Lutyens, the most original domestic architect, perhaps, who has ever lived, and, without a hint of distortion or straining after effect, produces the most comfortable, sensible, light-flooded, and essentially modern block of buildings to be found in England—or in Europe either, for that matter. It is an achievement. It is genius.

C. H.



PLAN OF A TYPICAL FLOOR.

A PRIMULA GARDEN



THE HERBACEOUS BORDER ON THE UPPER TERRACE, WITH ITS DRAPERY OF WISTARIA.

THE ideal site for a wild or natural garden in which many of the recent additions to our garden flora can be made to flourish is not easy to come by, but where such situations do exist, and there are many whose merits are not always realised, no gardener should miss the opportunity of their proper exploitation. A thin woodland where the trees are mostly oaks, with a stream running through it and a soil of good porous loam which will not dry out in summer, is the generally accepted ideal. Such a site affords endless opportunity to the experimenting gardener who has a love for many of the newer introductions to our gardens, such as the host of ornamental flowering and fruiting shrubs, primulas, blue poppies and lilies, which will flourish to an extraordinary degree along with a wealth of native plants that are by no means to be despised in such positions.

At Coverwood, the residence of Mr. Michael Stephens, there is a most charming wild garden, possessed of many of the qualities dear to the gardener's heart and which, now that it has passed the initial stages of cultivation and has become established in growth, must be unique and one of the finest examples of primula gardening in the country. It is at once an unusual and impressive rather than a pretentious garden, simple in its style and treatment, but an object lesson in good, sound cultivation and in the correct use and disposition of plants. The house itself, standing some 700ft. up in the Surrey hills, is framed in a setting of pines, among which clearances have been made and planted with masses of Spanish gorse (*Genista hispanica*), whose dense cushions are a sheet of rich golden yellow in the opening days of June. Besides the gorse,

over two hundred camellias, mostly imported from Japan, have been planted. Many of these are now over nine feet high, and provide a most luxuriant and impressive display with their thousands of blooms of the richest of shades standing out from the dark green foliage. Magnolias in such species as *M. stellata*, *Watsoni* and *Soulangeana*; maples, parrotias, eucryphias, *Styrax japonica* and *obassia*, *stuartias*, and the beautiful Fringe Tree, *Chionanthus virginica*, are all planted extensively in the clearances along with a large collection of dwarf evergreen azaleas

and a groundwork composed of such heaths as *Erica carnea*, *mediterranea*, *Veitchii* and *lusitanica* with many varieties of *Daboecia polifolia* which flower from early June until October. Below the house the sloping ground has been effectively treated in a series of terraces with dry stone retaining walls, which provide a home for a choice collection of wall plants, including *helianthemums*, *thymes*, *lithospermums*, *saponarias*, *pinks*, *sedums* and *sempervivums*. On the upper terrace runs a wide herbaceous border with a charming background of wisterias draping the wall with their white and lilac festoons. A long flight of steps, flanked by spreading mats of prostrate juniper through which are growing many Japanese maples, some reaching 15ft. high and giving a glorious show in spring and autumn, interplanted with clumps of *Daboecia polifolia* with its slender stems carrying pure white and purple bells, leads down to the lower level where the wild garden lies in a hollow overlooked by the house.

The possibilities presented by this site, which was formerly a badly drained swamp with some standing oaks, was soon recognised by the owner, who set to work by draining the whole area, making good the



THE FESTIVAL OF PRIMULAS IN EARLY JUNE.



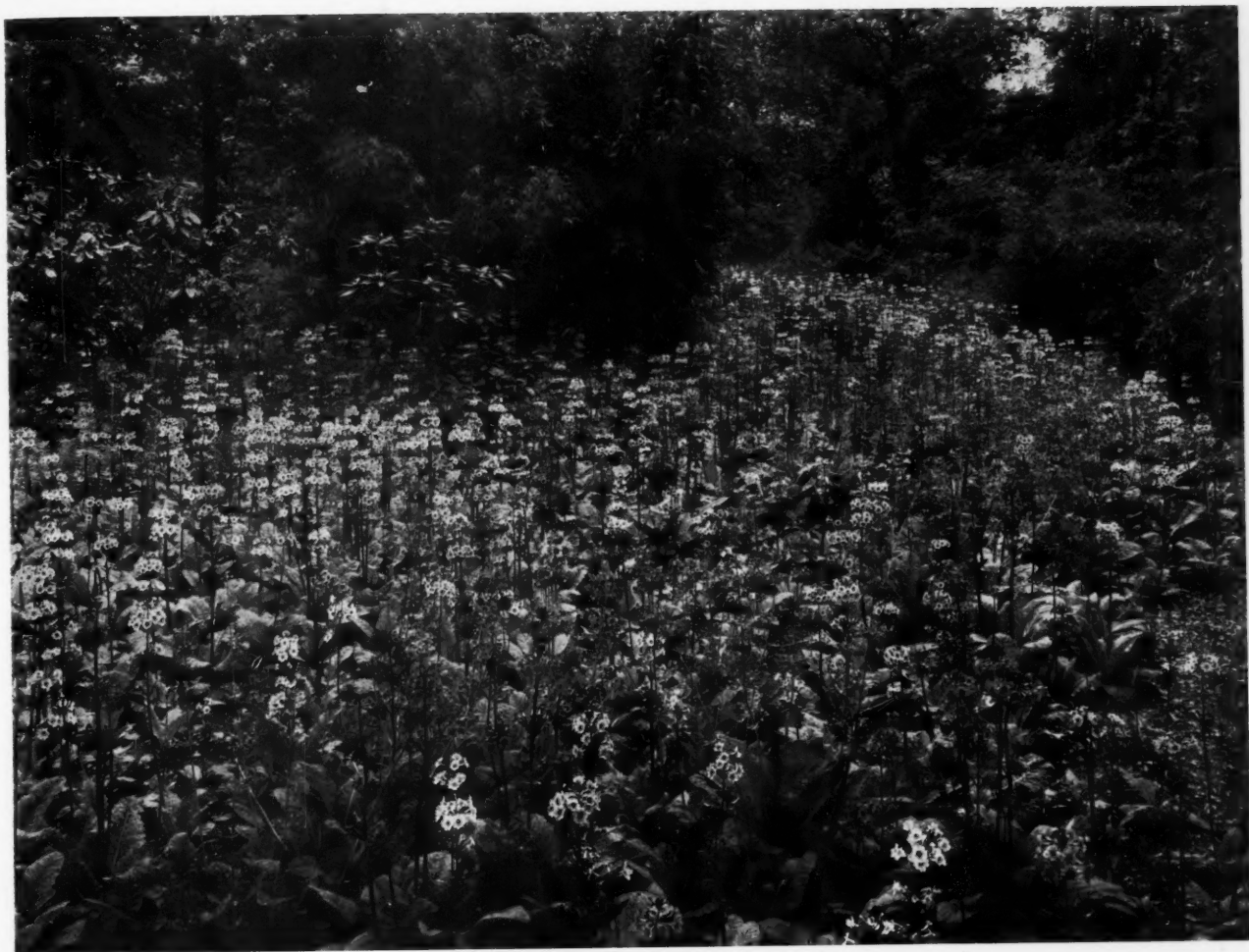
NATURALISED AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODLAND PATH.

DRIFTS OF THE HANDSOME *P. PULVERULENTA* ALONG THE MOIST BANKS OF THE STREAM.THE ELEGANT *P. HELODOXA* RAISING ITS TIERS OF GOLDEN YELLOW AT THE EDGE OF THE SHRUB MASSES.

soil and opening up the underwood for planting, but preserving all the valuable shade trees that were not soil robbers. Once the labour of draining was completed, the planting of rhododendrons, azaleas, kalmias, andromedas, skimmias and primulas was begun, and with what success can be judged from the accompanying illustrations, which show the growth after about fifteen years. Rhododendrons, mostly hardy hybrids, and azaleas form the main shrub masses which frame the drifts of primulas carpeting the ground between the shrub plantings and bordering the margins and banks of many tiny streams. Winding paths run all through the garden, and the plant groupings have followed the lines of the paths to provide many attractive and pleasant vistas whose charm lies in their unexpectedness and simplicity as well as in their beauty. There is no trace of affectation or of the striving after a grandiose treatment that would have looked out of place in such a setting. A variety of species of lilies, including *L. umbellatum*, *Krameri*, *Hansonii* and sheets of *pardalinum* raise their stately stems from a ground carpet consisting of a wealth of ferns and a number of dwarf creeping plants and shrubs.

The provision of suitable plants for ground cover, not only to furnish an attractive ground carpet, but for the far more important reason of keeping down weeds, which will flourish to an extraordinary degree if not kept in check, is most necessary in a wild garden. At Coverwood good use is made of the dwarf cornel, *Cornus canadensis*, a pretty miniature dogwood which hugs the ground and soon forms a spreading and close mat. It is a fine dual-purpose carpeter, attractive in spring with its myriad white rose-tinted bracts tipping each shoot, and brilliant in autumn when, covered with bright red berries, its leaves assume a bronzy red tone. The creeping winter green, *Gaultheria procumbens*, with its cheerful dark green lustrous leaves making dense mats only a few inches high, is also used along with the periwinkles, lily of the valley, *Anemone blanda* and other species, oxalis, gentians, particularly *G. acaulis* and *sino-ornata*, which, however, has not yet achieved what it can do in Scotland, and many ferns, of which the handsome *osmunda*, *struthiopteris* and the rarer forms of *polystichum* and *polypodium* are the most outstanding. Foxgloves and *thalictrums*, including *T. dipterocarpum* and *aquileg-folium* are planted in generous clumps along with the lovely lyre flower or bleeding heart, *Dicentra spectabilis*, a most charming plant for woodland planting and most effective when used in sweeping masses interplanted with Solomon's Seal, whose elegant and slender hanging stems, leaning forth from beneath the surrounding shrubs, are an excellent foil to the fern-like grace of the bleeding heart. Another simple but most charming association I saw was the grouping of the handsome day lilies (*hemerocallis*) with their elegant heads of orange flowers, with clumps of the male fern beside the margins of the streams. The day lilies, even by themselves, are the most picturesque of plants and perfectly at home in semi-wild conditions.

The primulas in their vast drifts are the outstanding feature of the garden and dominate the display for some six weeks through late May and June. Their carpets of yellow and white, pink and crimson and glowing orange, light up the shady recesses and corners of the woodland, enclosed by the flowering masses of the rhododendrons and azaleas and the dark forms of the bamboos. That the plants are thoroughly comfortable is evident from their remarkable growth and their satisfied look of well being. The tall candelabra species, *Primulas pulverulenta*, *japonica*, *Beesiana*, *Bulleyana* and *helodoxa*, form the bulk of the plantings, and among them the robust and vigorous *P. pulverulenta*, with its 3ft. high flower stems bearing several tiers of flowers, is the most prominent. The plants show a most striking variation in colour through good pinks, whites, rose, magenta and crimson, and by constant and



THE BEAUTY OF PRIMULAS IN THE MASS: A GLORIOUS PAGEANT OF BLOSSOM AND COLOUR.



A CARPET OF CRIMSON AND WHITE PROVIDED BY PRIMULAS PULVERULENTA AND JAPONICA.

rigorous selection some remarkably good coloured forms have been obtained and fixed in soft shades of pink and salmon, with a well marked eye and others of deep intense crimson. All the other species grow luxuriantly in the moist banks, and *P. helodoxa*, not always an easy species in many places, flourishes with great abandon, raising its tiers of golden yellow flowers some three feet from robust cabbage-like crowns. All the plants are allowed to spread naturally, but the flower stems are removed to prevent seeding and to encourage good basal growth. Good coloured forms are noted every year, and these are seeded and grown on. This, combined with a generous treatment of the soil, in the shape of an occasional dressing of well rotted manure and leaves, is amply repaid by the magnificent growth, and is an indication of what primulas will do when conditions are to their liking. There are few other plants that will adapt themselves so well to such a situation in a moist but well drained soil with slight overhead shade, and provide such a glorious pageant of flowers and colour in the closing weeks of spring and the opening days of summer.

What Mr. Stephens has done at Coverwood is to express primula gardening at its best. It is true that only a few species are employed where many more might have been introduced, but the use of only a few of the more outstanding and showy members of this vast genus on a magnificent scale is more striking than an indiscriminate massing of several species where the

effect would have tended to become spotty and restless. Everything has been done with a generous and free hand, and the owner has been too modest and too sound to use the opportunity presented by the site for the practice of eccentric ideas. He has followed the simple and obvious treatment, used those plants which he has found by experiment to thrive in the home he has to offer them, and having once discovered that they liked the conditions, continued to enlarge his plantings, grouping them as far as possible into colour schemes which are both effective and charming either by their harmony or contrast. The orange and orange yellows are grouped together to form sheets of colour of dazzling splendour, while the whites and crimsons provide a striking scheme, each throwing up the other. The drifts of *P. helodoxa*, which remains absolutely true to colour, stand slightly apart, this elegant species being regarded as worthy of a place more independent of the common herd, to which it adds grace and interest. Bad and muddy-coloured plants that make their appearance are promptly and ruthlessly torn up to keep the plantings pure in shade and to preserve the excellence of the strain.

It is a natural garden that is wholly admirable, a delight to the eye, and an example of good gardening and a useful contribution to our knowledge regarding the value and beauty in the mass of some of the most charming Eastern representatives of a genus which is without a rival for creating the beautiful in the wild, woodland and water garden.

G. C. TAYLOR.

"IT ONLY SHOWS"

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I SO rarely win a match nowadays that when I do I ought, presumably, to feel as proud as a peacock with two tails; yet, in fact, I won the last match I played and felt rather ashamed than otherwise.

Superficially, my partner and I played the heroic part. We were four down with six to go, we played those last six holes in something better than the par figures and we won at the last hole. That has a splendid sound, and yet it was absurd that we should win. Moreover—and here is the shameful part of it—if we had really played those holes perfectly, I am convinced that we should not have won and should probably have lost. We had got two holes back, and were two down with three to play. At the sixteenth, which is a short hole over a pond, I played an execrable tee shot and the ball vanished, to all appearances, into the roots of a tree. Our enemies played a sufficiently good shot—a "green finder"—and all was apparently over. Without taking over-much trouble they lobbed their approach putt somewhere near the hole, and then by a most indecent miracle our ball was found, not in the bush, but in some rough grass. It came out; in flew a vast putt, the enemy missed a shorter one, and the hole was ours in a three.

I will not tell the rest of the story at length; we won the seventeenth on our merits, and then at the last those golfing Fates, that are such observant and unforgiving ladies, kicked our enemies' ball into a bunker and a horrible place in that bunker. That was not surprising; it is the way the Fates treat those who let off their adversaries. The point of my story, such as it is, is that if at the sixteenth we had reached the green instead of going near that tree, and so obtained an orthodox three, our enemies would have done so too, would have made themselves dromy, and then have won comfortably at the next hole. That treacherous tree lured them into a feeling of false security and of a certain sympathy with us, and then it destroyed them.

After it was all over—and I must say I never saw two more charming losers—my partner said to me, "It only shows that you never can tell what may happen if you go on sticking to it." One of our adversaries said, "It only shows that you must never think you are sure to win." Both were, if not strictly original, at any rate profoundly true remarks. These lessons have been constantly rubbed into us from our golfing youth upwards, and yet it is terribly hard to act upon them. In the case of those who lose their winning lead, it is some utterly and fiendishly unexpected thing that generally does the mischief or, perhaps, a combination of two things, the iniquitous escape from the tree followed by the iniquitously long putt. The moral is, I suppose, that we should try to play, as Mr. Jones does, not against opponents of flesh and blood, but against par. Then we should try to lay our long putt stone dead whether the other fellow was in a tree or whether he wasn't, but it is very hard to be so inhuman.

In the course of that week-end of foursome matches I had another and rather less obvious lesson rubbed into me, and must try to take it to heart. At a certain hole we—my partner and

I—put our second a few yards over the green into some heathery country. Then our adversaries were found to have lost their ball and, like prudent men, went all the way back to the tee, on the most blazing of afternoons, to play another. They put that one in the heather, hacked it out and ultimately reached the outskirts of the green in five. Then came our turn to play the one off three. Of course, our ball was in the most appalling tangle of heather that ever was seen: "It would be," as we said bitterly. Three times we struck again before getting it out, and the hole was halved in eight, while the people behind us first fretted and fumed and then lay down and went to sleep in the sunshine. If we had had sufficient sense or sufficient energy, we should have occupied the time while our opponents were going back to the tee in playing a provisional ball, and then we might have done the hole in six or, at any rate, in seven; but I doubt if either of us thought of it until it was too late. That only shows that on a heathery course there is much virtue in the provisional ball, and I have registered a solemn vow to play one next time, whatever anybody thinks of me. I shall not do it, I suppose, but, at any rate, I have made the vow, and I shall know what I ought to do.

I wonder if other games convince one as fully as golf does of the malignancy of providence. Cricket does, perhaps, when one misses a catch. I always remember a story of a friend of mine who used to play for Gloucestershire. He missed a man, who proceeded to make a hundred. When the match was ultimately won he made some apologetic remark to his captain to the effect that he was glad the missed catch had not mattered, and received from "W. G." the answer, "What I say is we didn't ought to have been put to it." When those Australian fieldsmen on the last day of the Test Match could not make up their mind which of them ought to catch Mr. Chapman at the beginning of his innings and then saw him hitting sixes, they must have had bitter and fatalistic thoughts. There is lawn tennis, too. When, last week, I was listening on the wireless to the great match between Tilden and Borotra and the narrator told me that Borotra had missed a smash, "an absolute sitter," I fancied even that cheerful Frenchman thinking that he would not be forgiven.

However it may be in other games, providence in the case of golf is a beast, though perhaps "a just beast." When, for instance, my enemy goes into a bunker and I, having the hole at my mercy, follow him into the very same one, is there the faintest need for me to wonder which ball is nicely teed up in the sand and which is at the bottom of a foot-mark? Of course, there is not; mine is sure to be in the foot-mark, and I admit it serves me right. Or again, suppose my enemy runs far past the hole with his approach putt, and then I, insensate idiot that I am, fail to lay mine quite dead in the like, can anybody doubt what will happen next? I know, and everybody knows, what will happen; he will put his in, with an offensive rattle against the back of the tin, and I shall give the ball a feeble prod which will leave it hovering on the brink. If I had been dead, of course he would not have holed it, but as it is—well, once more "it only shows."

Sometimes, of course, both parties do things worthy of condign punishment, and then the Fates hardly know which to chastise. There was, for instance, that match in the semi-final at St. Andrews between Mr. Bobby Jones and Mr. Voigt. Bobby had thrown away several chances and then his enemy had come with a rush and become two up with five to play. There was scarcely a man in the crowd who had any doubt as to the result. "Bobby's done," whispered one to another

in sorrowful tones, and, humanly speaking, I think he was "done"; but Mr. Voigt did the one thing which should save his adversary, a thing he would not do once a year: he sliced his ball out of bounds at the long hole in. In a moment the whole situation was changed, and it was Mr. Voigt who deserved and suffered the vengeance of Fate. Golf is a cruel game, even though my partner and I did not go into that tree.

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD

The Smaller Years, by Frank Kendon. (Cambridge University Press, 6s.)

IT is a good thing that Mr. Kendon has written down his childish memories now and has not waited, as he might have done, till he was a little older. He writes with charm, delicacy and distinction and a blessed absence of sentimentality; his book would have been a notable one whenever it was published, but, had he waited, it might have been swamped in a flood of superficially similar books. The fashion for trying to remember childhood in print is setting in all too strongly. Soon we may all be writing how the soap which tasted delicious in sponge-sucking made the eyes smart horribly in head-washing, what fun it was to eat preserved cherries on coming down to dessert, how the housemaid bowled to us down a dark passage with a miniature fire engine (painted vermilion) as a wicket, and how the coachman drove us in a drowsy wagonette between dusty hedges to have our hair cut.

I am, you see, insensibly slipping into the habit myself. It gives a pleasant little feeling of sadness, it appears easy, and, if suitably remunerated, it could, as Dr. Erasmus Darwin said of his poetry, be kept up to all eternity. In fact, it is very far from easy, and Mr. Kendon is one of the few people who have the secret of it. He is, in his leisure moments, a poet and, I am sure, a very real one. It is one of the qualities of a poet that he makes us believe that we have had much the same beautiful thoughts as he has, only, somehow, we have never quite managed to clothe them in such apposite words. This is particularly the case when the poet tells of the romance of childhood, because, whatever we may be now, we were all at least a little romantic then. Mr. Kendon writes of the wood near his home and the acute sense of loss when the wood, "which was a symbol, a living creature, almost a person to us," was cut down: at once we remember, or think we remember, as poignantly as he does just such a tragedy in our own lives, when perhaps the friendly stunted oaks on the hillside had to make way for soulless young larches. He tells of the ecstasies of a snowfall, when it was enough to "run careless whether you were on path or grass, the great delight being to make your tracks in snow that had not been imprinted before." We think we remember that, too, and the mystery of a door that was never seen open and the feeling of a "formless terror" in the hall cupboard. Perhaps we do remember these things, though not so well as he does; but just as we grow too well pleased with ourselves, Mr. Kendon hits us, as it were, between the eyes by a piece of subtle understanding that we know to be beyond us. Here, for instance, is his analysis of pretending: he takes as his example a table with its tablecloth on serving as a lion's den. "Its darkness and its confined space (when you were underneath it) were all that we wanted, but for practical reasons its table nature was not resented. The den and the table were two things, they existed together without jostling; a child might be painting with his box of paints, sitting at the table, and two children underneath might be Daniel and the Lions. . . . We knew it was a table to everyone; we were only just then employing these qualities which it shared with our conception of a lion's den, we were only pretending it was a lion's den to us. But the game was in us, not in the table, and the most exact model of a rocky cave, though it would have delighted us, would not, I think, have satisfied us more or made us feel more like Daniel and the Lions."

If Mr. Kendon had written only of woods and cupboards and lions, he would have entranced us, but he might have done no more. His book might have seemed a little thin had he not been able to give to it a quality of solidity, through his having been brought up in an altogether exceptional circle. He was born in the 'nineties and his grandfather died when he was ten—not really so very long ago, and yet the account of that grandfather plunges us back into the days of George Eliot. This is not a merely random comparison. The grandfather began life like Silas Marner, for he was a weaver whose great interest was in religion, with a passionate and literal belief in the Bible, a member of some obscure Nonconformist community. Like Silas, he left the town for the country—Bethnal Green for

Goudhurst in Kent—and there the likeness ends, for he became by calling a preacher, by profession a schoolmaster. Beginning by teaching village children in a barn at twopence a week, he gradually built up a very odd but prosperous private school; he bought land, he put up new buildings and, in a patriarchal manner, he pressed all his children into the service of the school. The school became modern, but its founder in Mr. Kendon's picture remains, not a figure of the end of the nineteenth century, but a man who might have preached to "the brethren assembling in Lantern Yard," or with Dinah Morris on the village green; his grown-up children, the author's uncles and aunts, might be the Uncle Glegg and Aunt Pullet of *Maggie Tulliver*.

His picture of the grandfather is largely, of course, drawn from what other people told him, and may almost be compared in that respect (there could be no higher compliment) with those drawn by Aksakoff in "Years of Childhood." There is much, however, that he recalls himself, such as the tea at the farm, whither the old gentleman had retired:

Grandfather is at the north end of the long table, sitting bolt upright, his hand on his spread knees, the ghost of a royal smile playing above his beard. Without a word of warning, except the first note properly pitched by grandfather, the whole company (except me) breaks into song.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Above the general company grandfather's voice, with a genuinely gladsome sound, praises the Lord.

I find it very hard to believe that that grace was sung, as a prelude to the quince jam and buns, three years or so after I had gone down from Cambridge, and that the uncles and aunts who knew better than not to sing it lustily—Uncle Saul and Aunt Lydia and Aunt Adelaide—may be alive and flourishing at this moment. Yet it must all be true: of that I am certain, for everything that Mr. Kendon says rings true and—to me, at any rate—it is not one of the least of the charms of a delightful book that it brings us home to Raveloe and Hayslope and Dorlcote Mill.

BERNARD DARWIN.

The Island. A Love Story, by Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

MISS ROYDE-SMITH is an author of whom I find myself forming the highest expectations, only time after time to be vaguely disappointed. This new book, which stands alone, though it has links with her earlier novels, is well written, of course, vivid and varied, yet at the end I felt that it had not justified the brilliant craftsmanship that had gone to its making. "Goosey" Hughes, the awkward, somewhat simple-minded woman who is its principal character, is turned aside from the ordinary attitude of any ignorant, shy young woman towards men and love by a repulse which seems much too slight—in fact, hardly to be recognised as such by any but the most subtle consciousness. After a year's unhappiness because a man to whom she never even speaks has failed to respond to the summons of her awakening nature made by a look as he passes her on horseback, she forms a friendship with a pretty, selfish girl of a higher social class. From that moment Goosey's life is a series of opportunities lost, through Almond, her bosom friend. When a decent man wishes to marry her, Almond appears and absorbs her, and marriage passes her by; when Josepha O'Brien, whom we know from Miss Royde-Smith's former novels, seems to be about to offer her a happier way of life, Almond intervenes. Finally, when Glyn Evans, the preacher, touches Goosey's miserable spirit, Almond breaks his spell and, when Goosey turns her back on him for her sake, marries him herself and leaves her friend old, lonely, hopeless and at enmity with God and man. There is more than a suggestion of unpleasantness in the relationship between the two women which it would have been better and, I venture to think, more true to general experience, to have left out, and it is made doubly unpleasant by the book's subtitle. The description of the rise of Rockhead into an exclusive seaside resort and of the ways of some of its inhabitants are entertaining reading, and Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis—who, we are assured, designed its new square—seems to have every reason to be proud of his achievement; but the book, as a whole, lacks beauty, pity, even humanity, and its excellence in other respects cannot supply their places.

S.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE FRIEND OF SHELLEY, by H. J. Massingham (Cobden Sanderson, 21s.); H.M.I.'S NOTEBOOK, by E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley (Lane, 7s. 6d.); TWO BROADCAST TALKS ON INDIA, by Sir John Simon (Faber and Faber, 1s.); FICTION.—SOLDIERS' PAY, by William Faulkner (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); FISHES ALL ALIVE, by Madge S. Smith (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

WIMBLEDON: SECOND WEEK

AS though in apology for the lack of thrills in the first week's play, the second Monday opened with the defeat of Cochet by the American, William Allison. This match provided a sensation of first-class magnitude, but the spectators were rather too dazed until almost the end to realise what was taking place, and even when Cochet had lost the first two sets, there were still many optimists scattered round the stands who were loudly affirming that the Frenchman would pull the match out of the fire, as he has done on so many previous occasions.

Certainly Cochet's own assurance never deserted him. Even when Allison led 5-3 in the third set, he seemed much less worried than in his previous match with Timmer. All the way through he was walking about the court in a listless, rather irritating way, and although the American ached him again and again with his service, he persisted himself in using a distinctly soft delivery which lacked not only pace, but guile too, and Allison, hitting it cleanly to the corners, stormed the net with great effect.

In this match was abundantly and clearly displayed the triumph of the American system, the American attitude towards the game; their iron determination, their belief in the truth that genius consists in taking pains, and going on taking pains, so that they hang on always to their opponents as a dog hangs on to somebody's coat-tails, and the more their victim shakes himself angrily to be free, the more grimly they set their teeth. One feels that their victories, in consequence, are due just as much, if not more, to will power—the perfected use of a superiority complex—as to actual stroke production or tactical skill.

Take, for instance, Tilden's own amazing victory in the singles event ten years after he won the Championship for the first time. Ten years is a large handicap to give away at any game. In ten years one would expect the eye to grow less keen, one's stamina to weaken, one's speed about the court to lessen, and lessen considerably, and yet it has been confidently voiced in official circles this year that Tilden at no time during his career has played better tennis than during the last fortnight.

Why is this? Surely it must be because, like all really great artists, he has the power, a unique, inexplicable power, to transcend and sweep on one side all and any physical or material disadvantages. It is the triumph of the spirit over the body: a triumph which enabled him to defeat Borotra when the latter, spurred on not only by the desire for personal glory, but by a tremendous determination to revenge the defeat of his countryman, Cochet, was playing better tennis than I personally have ever seen him play. All through the match he was making the most spectacular and deadly volleys, and his final defeat after he had led 4-2 in the final set, was more due, one felt, to the strength of Tilden's personality than his actual play. It is a factor which, as an aid to victory, is far too little understood and exploited in the world of tennis. For the nervous reactions of the tennis player only differ from those of an ordinary person in the degree of their intensity.

Tilden's victory over Allison in the final round was never in doubt. And the match is only of interest in retrospect in so far as it provided—especially in the second set—a remarkable example of how more and more both singles and doubles matches are being dominated by the service. As the score mounted steadily and evenly to 7-7 with each player winning his service and winning them easily and with many outright aces, one began to wonder whether that second set—like some game played in a nightmarish dream—might not go on and on for ever. And presumably it would have done, had not Allison been foot-faulted at a crucial point, momentarily lost concentration and served a double fault.

The vital importance of the service the Americans have long since realised and acted accordingly. Not only Tilden and Allison, but also Doeg, Van Ryn and Mangin all possess magnificent deliveries, both fast and accurate and well placed; while the Englishmen and the Frenchmen are distinctly weak in this department. And that is why this year sees the end of French supremacy and the re-establishment of the American. And as for ourselves,

one begins to wonder whether England will ever produce a champion again.

Can one mitigate this depressing conclusion by the old excuses of lack of practice, or lack of good weather in which to practice, or lack of interest on the part of the tennis authorities? I am afraid not. No, it seems to me that the reason for our failure goes deeper than that, and is due to an absence in our mental equipment of what can be best described as the star quality, the star consciousness. When you watch the American it is quite clear that they come on the court keyed up to justify their reputation as stars. It is a kind of *impersonal* rather than personal pride in their own capabilities; just as a writer is ashamed to produce a second-rate piece of work, so are they determined never to lower the standard of their best performances.

But the English players are so unreliable, they go to pieces suddenly and for no apparent reason. They flatter only a moment later to deceive and disappoint their admirers. Betty Nuthall played beautifully all through the first week. Her victory in partnership with Spence over Lott and Helen Jacobs was a triumph of brilliance and steadiness combined. She followed this by a decisive victory over Mrs. McIlquham and native hopes ran high. Were we to have an English representative in the finals again? And then the next moment our optimism was shattered by Miss Nuthall's defeat at the hands of Elizabeth Ryan. Having lost the first set of this match, she played so well in the second that Miss Ryan was made to appear almost second-rate. Some of Miss Nuthall's backhand drives down the line were miracles of timing and grace and precision, and yet in the final set she hardly hit one backhand shot into the court. She served three doubles in one game, her forehand lacked pace and direction, and Miss Ryan, of course, walked home, doubtless very thankful that there was no longer any need to run. After this display even Miss Nuthall's most ardent admirers were looking more than a trifle glum. And it is not surprising if in the future we look in other directions for a possible English challenger to Mrs. Moody's supremacy.

But if Miss Nuthall is out of the running, her companions, Eileen Bennett, Joan Fry, Dorothy Round and Joan Ridley, are all equally so. None of these girls did anything at Wimbledon to increase their reputations, and all of them did something to lessen it. The heart seems to have gone out of their game. Both Joan Fry and Eileen Bennett failed miserably against Madame Mathieu, and Dorothy Round disappeared very early at the hands of a new-comer to Wimbledon, Miss F. James.

This young girl, who is only eighteen, and on court looks even younger, has been very well coached. She has good ground strokes and is not afraid to volley. Her grace about the court is faintly reminiscent of the famous Suzanne. She has the same persevering method of keeping the ball in play and waiting for her opponent to make a mistake. I feel that in a year or two when she has filled out physically a little and there is more power behind her strokes, that she will be a very formidable opponent indeed. Meanwhile she is to be congratulated on a most promising *début* at Wimbledon.

And congratulations must also go to Miss Sarah Palfrey, who, in partnership with Miss Edith Cross, reached the final of the Ladies' Doubles, defeating on the way the new combination of Eileen Bennett and Betty Nuthall. I missed that match, but in the final I was extremely impressed by Miss Palfrey's all court play. Of course, she is still inclined to be a little wild, and she serves far too many doubles at critical moments, but some of her smashes from almost the back of the court and her volleys close to the net off Mrs. Moody's strongest drives were worthy of Miss Ryan at her best, and, after all, one could give her no higher praise than that.

Miss Ryan herself has had a most successful Wimbledon. She was runner-up in the Women's Singles, and on the winning side in both the Ladies' Doubles and Mixed Events. She has been able to continue and augment her wonderful line of successes over a number of years simply because she has refused ever to be sidetracked from her ambition. And



THE HERO OF WIMBLEDON.
Tilden in his match against Borotra.

the example not only of her devotion, her passion for the game, but also her wonderful pluck and determination might be studied and followed to good effect by some of our young players, who seem to want to have all the limelight and none of the hard work.

As for Mrs. Wills-Moody herself, one grows tired of saying that she is playing better than ever. But the measure of her superiority over the rest of the competitors can be reckoned by the fact that in six matches she lost under twenty games. Indeed a great performance.

GODFREY WINN.

AT THE THEATRE

THE MISREPRESENTING OF MOLNAR

ANYBODY wanting to know about Ferenc Molnar would have to go to America for his information. Mr. Barrett Clark, America's encyclopædic authority on all matters appertaining to the stage, has this note about Molnar: "A writer of novels and short stories and a prolific dramatist, Molnar is to-day one of the most important literary figures in Hungary. He is known abroad almost exclusively as the author of six or eight fantastic and poetic plays. The Hungarian drama—known to us by translations and adaptations—is rich in the sort of novel play-forms in which Molnar has achieved his most striking successes. As a dramatist Molnar has the knack of arousing interest in a variety of original situations. He is also something of a poet, with a propensity for the more sentimental aspects of life." I wonder whether there is not in this passage the clue to Molnar's failure in this country. "Fantastic and poetic plays," "novel play-forms," "original situations," "something of a poet," do not these exactly strike the note of the kind of thing with which the English playgoer is determined to have nothing to do? A good many people hold that criticism cannot be objective and must be a personal matter, and this theory emboldens me to say that "The Swan," which has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre, is the first piece of Molnar I ever wanted to hear the end of. (Yes, I know all about the preposition!) "Liliom" failed for me because the last act took place in something which was supposed to be Heaven and looked like Hell. Well, there may be such places and, if there are, we shall know about them in God's good time. *En attendant*, I for one do not want instructing by a minor Hungarian as to something about which he cannot know more than I do. I am not a great poet, but neither is Molnar. "The Play's the Thing" is always alleged to have been spoiled by the Censor. "The Guardsman" was not saved even by Mr. Seymour Hicks, and any piece which cannot be retrieved by that actor must be a bad piece indeed. Yet managerial affection for Molnar still persists. The Hungarian is a colossal success in America and all over the Continent, and people cannot understand why he should not succeed here. The story of "The Swan" is as follows: Princess Beatrice, the head of a Royal House without a throne, is very anxious that her daughter, the Princess Alexandra, should marry Prince Albert, the heir-apparent of a neighbouring kingdom. But the Prince is slow at the love-making, and to pique his ardour Princess Beatrice has recourse to the old expedient of pretending that somebody else is in love with her daughter. For this supposed other lover she chooses the Court tutor, who is invited to a Court banquet in order that the Princess may appear to be attracted by him. But the little Princess is not quite heartless and tells the tutor of the humiliation in store for him. The great scene of the play occurs when at the banquet the tutor takes command of the situation and the conversation and lets loose a tremendous flood of irony. Whereupon the Prince naturally tells the tutor to behave himself, and this so upsets the little Princess that she kisses the tutor before everybody. Now, the whole play hangs upon that kiss. I think Molnar meant it to be one of pure compassion suddenly felt by the haughty little Princess for the humble tutor she has always ignored. Hence it follows that in the original Hungarian the play properly winds up with the tutor being ignominiously dismissed and the Princess married to the Prince. Molnar here explains his title: swans are beautiful birds so long as they sail about the bosoms of lakes and avoid the shore, where they become ridiculous. The business of a Princess, says Molnar, is to marry a Prince and refuse contact with lesser beings and their more burning affections. Princess Alexandra's pity was a generous impulse, but Princesses who indulge in generous impulses do so at a certain risk.

Surely, if a play depends upon anything so extremely delicate as the exact quality of an embrace, a great deal must depend upon who it is that does the embracing. I imagine that Molnar intended his Princess to be a figure in Dresden china,

and that the tutor should be one of those ludicrously pathetic youths, all humility and *Schwärmeret*, with whom middle Europe abounds. The parts at the St. James's Theatre are entrusted to two players who are the exact opposite of what we have just predicated. I can think of no actress who has a sturdier and more steadfast little heart than Miss Edna Best. This artist can portray sentiment held in leash better than anybody I know, but has not the vaguest notion how to express the absence of that commodity. Then take Mr. Colin Clive, who plays the tutor. Mr. Clive, as everybody remembers, was the immensely virile and determined Stanhope in "Journey's End," and he, again, has not the faintest notion of how, in the approved German-student manner, to wamble about a Court looking moonstruck. Molnar seems to be under a spell in this country. Exactly the same treatment was meted out to "Liliom" in New York, and in London that is now given to "The Swan." Mr. Barrett Clark tells us that when "Liliom" was performed in Berlin the principal part "was played by one of the homeliest actors on the German stage, Max Pallenberg, and Julie by the wonderful Lucie Höflich, a buxom lady of about fifty, who weighs not an ounce under two hundred. Pallenberg was rough, dirty, ill-tempered, and Höflich was just such a stupid simple girl as you will find in any middle-class German home." When this piece was produced in New York two fashionable and highly sophisticated players were engaged for it. The same thing happened in this country. Liliom, described as a great big hulking brute, was handed over to, of all people, Mr. Ivor Novello, who is not big and has, I suggest, no notion of how to hulk. The stupid, simple girl who is Liliom's sweetheart was prettified out of recognition by Miss Fay Compton, who, throughout the entire piece, cast up her eyes to Heaven as though signifying that spiritually she was already there and that her body would join her presently. However, there can be no doubt that Mr. Colin Clive and Miss Edna Best are two of our most popular players, and fortunately the Prince has been entrusted to Mr. Herbert Marshall, who alone of the company strikes me as being true to Molnar's intention. Miss Henrietta Watson plays Princess Beatrice. Here, again, I doubt very much whether this accomplished actress was the best possible choice for a vessel containing nothing but insincerity. Miss Watson is our best exponent of the decent, middle-class mind, and if ever Miss Thorndike should relinquish the part of Jane Clegg, Miss Watson would be first choice for a successor. Now, of course, being the good artist that she is, our one and only Henrietta, if she will permit me to call her so, twists herself into knots in order to suggest the vapidity of high place at little Courts. She invites us to believe that she is engaged in portraying the perturbations of farce. Well, the invitation does honour to her who gives and to us who receive it. But we know that the charming lady of whom we are all so fond would no more have dreamed of having a finger in the disgraceful little pie which is this play's plot than she would have dreamed of eating peas with a knife. It is not a legitimate part of dramatic criticism to say whether a play will or will not be a popular success; the only thing that one may rightfully debate is whether a play is an artistic success or not. The favour in which this brilliant quartet of players is held by the public may save any play in which they are engaged. At the same time, it must be said that between them they make Molnar's heartless ending quite incredible. Everybody in the theatre on the first night wanted Miss Best to go off with Mr. Clive and leave Mr. Marshall in the lurch. Whereas Molnar's play insisted that Mr. Marshall should take Miss Best into the lurch with him. How far this will affect the play's prospects I do not know. Already it has been suggested to me that "The Swan" is not really Molnar's best play and that the piece which London really must see is his "Fashions for Men." In fact, there is a kind of world-determination to shove Molnar down England's throat, a process which is apparently more agreeable to Molnar than it is to us. I, personally, never want to hear another word he has written. Or may write. But I am perfectly prepared to agree that this is pure naughtiness on my part.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

BLICKLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The capital series of illustrations given in your issues for June 7th and 21st enhance those published in your pages twenty-five years ago. Your current comprehensive and descriptive articles culminate this week in a detailed appreciation of the magnificent ceiling of the Great Gallery, rightly termed "The Glory of Blickling." The deplorable rearrangement carried out under the direction of J. Hungerford Pollen (b. 1820, d. 1902), crowding the walls with ugly bookcases and introducing the incongruous hood over the fireplace, was certainly an innovation and a most unfortunate affair. Another sorry change, dating a few years previously, brought about disastrous results so serious in extent that the trustees of the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian consulted the famous expert, Rogers Field, during the early 'eighties. He at once declined to deal with the problem unless given *carte blanche*, it was so bad. The chief trouble arose in consequence of the alteration made by the popular Scotch architect (who designed the Duke of Buccleuch's mansion in Whitehall), William Burn (b. 1789, d. 1870), about whom it was said "to get a good restoration of a good house you should get it Burn'd." The plan which you have reproduced from Mr. J. Alfred Gotch's *Architecture of the Renaissance of England* scarcely extends enough to illustrate clearly the location where Burn's legacy of water troubles happened, because it does not include the administrative wings of the house completing the designer's layout. That was open to the serious objection due to his disregard of convenient service. The distance between the kitchens and dining-rooms caused constant delays; moreover, at one time the only means of access was by way of the open arcade between this wing and the main building. To ensure an approach under cover, Burn lowered the floor of this big basement to obtain head room, which change caused the premises to be continually flooded. Permanent lattice-ways had to be used to keep the servants from wading in sewage water. When I was called in that state of affairs existed. The big brick culvert round the mansion (set under the moat gardens) had long become an elongated cesspool from which all discharge was stopped by the natural water-bound condition of the site, and this state of things was aggravated by the surface water of the vast forecourt and the drainage of both flanking wings, besides that of the home farm close by, being brought down below the old moat level. The 18-acre lake, not far off on the other side, of course complicated matters, stopping relief by outfall. No plan of the house existed when the trustees appointed me in 1884, so I had a careful survey made, and this plan I loaned to Mr. Gotch, as stated in his famous big folios. The Council of the R.I.B.A. invited me to read a sessional paper on the scheme carried out under my direction (see R.I.B.A. *Journal*, Third Series, Vol. I, 1894). Structural renovations were included, masonry and the roofs were restored and re-tiled, besides the extensive drainage system, also the water tower for fire service on the hill, hidden by the trees. Throughout, the utmost care was observed to prevent any detriment to the historic character of the buildings, consequently when Mr. Gotch visited Blickling for the purpose of his history, he wrote me to say he



RYE MILL, RECENTLY BURNT DOWN.

"failed to find any trace of what I had done." Assuredly that was the best testimonial possible, and as your contributor makes no reference to my work done forty-six years since, he evidently discovered nothing wrong to point out.—MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

[We have submitted Mr. Adam's interesting letter to Mr. Hussey, who replies: "I hope you will print the letter as it will put on record a skilful operation of which I was, indeed, aware from reading the paper referred to, but had not the space to allude to."—ED.]

SPARROWS ATTACKING MICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Yesterday, my attention was attracted by a sparrow, vigorously fluttering and pecking at something alive in the corner of a wall and the roadway. I found that the bird had a mouse cornered and was attacking it spitefully. I was unable to discover a cause for its pugnacity. I discussed the incident with a friend, an expert bird-watcher, and he related an experience of his where he had watched a sparrow kill a mouse. He had heard of similar instances. Such cases have never been my fortune to observe before, and I wonder if

any of your readers have seen such occurrences, and what might be the solution for such antagonism of bird to beast.—A. H.

"THE VANISHING WINDMILL."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Everyone must have enjoyed the excellent photographs illustrating Mr. Thurston Hopkins' article on the "Vanishing Windmill" in your issue of June 28th. The article should be of interest to all who desire to see some of our English windmills saved from decay. It would be interesting to know what windmills are said to have been built round a living oak tree as stated by Mr. Hopkins. Perhaps some other information on this point could be given. I am also interested as to the nomenclature used by Mr. Hopkins in describing windmills. Could he tell us in what part of the country is the cap of a windmill called "Versatile Roof," "Dome" and "Cupola," and where the tailpole used for turning a mill into the wind is known as a "Tiller-Beam," or a post mill called "Post and Socket" mill? Mr. Hopkins falls into several errors in the course of his article. He states that the first authenticated reference to a windmill in this country alludes to one at Bishopstone in Sussex between 1180 and 1204. This is a most indefinite date, and far more definite is the date 1191 given in the *Chronicles of Jocelyn* of the windmill at Bury St. Edmunds. He also states that societies

for the purpose of preserving windmills have been founded in France and Spain. I think he will find that in France it is the already existing touring club which is active, and I can assure him that in Spain no such society exists. I have just returned from Spain with some records of Spanish windmills, and can speak with certainty on this point. The article also states "that in England the Society for the Preservation of Rural England is trying to save the windmills." I imagine that this must be a slip for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. They have embarked on this fine work, and they have done me the honour of allowing me to assist them as far as I can do so. Finally, Friston windmill in Sussex was blown down in December, 1929. I enclose herewith a photograph of Rye windmill, which has recently been burnt down, a loss that we must all deplore.—REX WAILES.

A PLEA FOR AN OLD HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed sketch by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher is a characteristic view of a very charming house which is in danger of being destroyed. This house, which was built by Sir Walter St. John in 1699 (the date being recorded on a sundial in one of the walls), and which is attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, has for nearly a century been a training college for schoolmasters. But recently it has, with 4 acres of land belonging to it, been acquired by the Battersea Borough Council for a housing scheme, and it is feared that unless public opinion is very strongly expressed in favour of its preservation, that it will be destroyed. An appeal has been issued, signed by several influential inhabitants of Battersea and others interested, but we shall be much obliged if you will be so kind as to give publicity to the possible fate of this beautiful house by inserting Mr. Fletcher's sketch and this letter in COUNTRY LIFE.—SPENCER (Lord of the Manor of Battersea).



A FINE OLD HOUSE IN DANGER.

FURNITURE at COLD OVERTON HALL



1.—"FARTHINGALE" CHAIR WITH ORIGINAL LEATHER UPHOLSTERY. *Early Seventeenth Century.*



2.—OAK TURNED CHAIR. *Circa 1650.*

COLD OVERTON HALL, on the south-east border of Leicestershire, is an Early Stuart house, built by John St. John not many years before the outbreak of the Civil War. A grandson of the first Lord St. John of Bletso, he bought the property from William Compton, Earl of Northampton, somewhere round the year 1620. The house which he proceeded to build went through singularly few alterations until just before the War, when Mr. James Montagu, the present owner, considerably enlarged it by adding on a new front, with a long entrance hall, to the back of the old building. During its history of nearly three centuries the interior had lost most of its original fittings, and after several changes of ownership nothing remained of the original furniture. Apart from the fine staircase, with its stout dog-gate, to-day only the old hall (now the dining-room), the library and one of the bedrooms retain their seventeenth century woodwork.

Mr. Montagu decided to restore the interior to something of its original appearance and to line the most important of the new rooms with old panelling as far as possible contemporary with the woodwork which remained. Most of the rooms are, therefore, of Jacobean character, with wainscoting and decorated ceilings of the period, but in one or two of the smaller rooms an eighteenth century treatment has been followed. The ante-room between the new entrance hall and the long gallery

is decorated with a set of rare painted panels of Oriental scenes which came from the collection of Sir Hugh Lane; while in the study Mr. Arthur Blunt has designed a fireplace and wall niches in a simple rococo manner with wall panels to frame some strips of old Chinese wall-paper.

To furnish the house adequately there was no need to keep to any one particular period, and Mr. Montagu, in buying pieces of many different styles and dates, has been guided by considerations of fine quality and good



3.—OAK BUFFET IN TWO STAGES. *Circa 1650.*



4.—MAHOGANY OCCASIONAL TABLE.
Circa 1765.

workmanship. In the dining-room, however, the least altered room in the house, there was some object in having only pieces as nearly as possible contemporary with the original woodwork, and here all the furniture is in period. The oak buffet in two stages (Fig. 3) is in this room. From the absence of ornamentation, and its plain, forthright character it appears to be a country-made piece, and therefore is probably late in date. The supports are of the traditional bulbous form, the upper pair being given roughly carved Ionic capitals. Both the upper and lower shelves open as drawers. On either side of the centre doorway are two large wall hangings worked with a continuous floral design,



5.—A PLAIN WALNUT WORK TABLE WITH LEGS OF PRONOUNCED CABRIOLE FORM. *Early XVII Century.*

extremely fine examples of early seventeenth century English needlework. In the centre of the room is a long refectory table supported on eight legs of the swelling, bulbous form of the early seventeenth century, and there is a set of original farthingale chairs, upholstered in leather, of Commonwealth date. One of these is illustrated in Fig. 1. It is of the simplest character, the front legs being turned, while the stretchers and uprights are of square section with their edges chamfered. A slightly later chair of rather unusual type is in the library (Fig. 2). The seat is of wood and the whole structure of the chair is formed of turned members, which in front have been worn almost smooth



6.—LACQUERED CABINET WITH CARVED AND GILT CRESTING AND STAND. *Circa 1695.*
The stand is of a type associated with Daniel Marot.



7.—WALNUT BUREAU IN TWO STAGES WITH TUB-SHAPED DRAWERS.
Circa 1730-40. Probably Dutch.

by constant use. Its very simplicity makes it an attractive piece.

In the long gallery which has been formed in the south wing of the house is the splendid William and Mary red and gold lacquered cabinet (Fig. 6). Here the high-water mark is reached in the full tide of exuberant ornamentation which set in at the Restoration. The fashion for lacquered cabinets began with their importation from China and Japan early in Charles II's reign. But it was not long before English craftsmen were producing examples themselves. This had already been done in Holland and France, and, indeed, it is often difficult to distinguish between Continental cabinets imported into this country and those of English workmanship, which were often made by artists who had crossed the Channel. The exceptionally fine specimen at Cold Overton, which retains intact its elaborately carved and gilt stand and cresting, exhibits all the richness of detail and mastery of craftsmanship lavished on these pieces at the end of the century. The Oriental scene on the folding doors is a passably good imitation of those on Chinese cabinets, though a certain stiffness of execution betrays its Western authorship. The stand is of a type associated with the French craftsman, Daniel Marot, who settled in Holland and came over to this country with William III; the design of the legs and stretchers exhibits very markedly his influence. In the naturalistic ornamentation of the cresting, with its cornucopia and two winged birds, the Grinling Gibbons school of wood carving is already apparent. Both the brass lock plate and hinges are of the most delicate workmanship of the time.

Almost contemporary with this cabinet is a late seventeenth century high-backed chair covered with its original wool needlework (Fig. 9). It is made of walnut and has shapely baluster legs and serpentine stretcher. The needlework covering is in *gros-point*, with tasselled fringes beneath the back and round the



8.—WALNUT STOOL WITH CABRIOLE LEGS. Circa 1710.

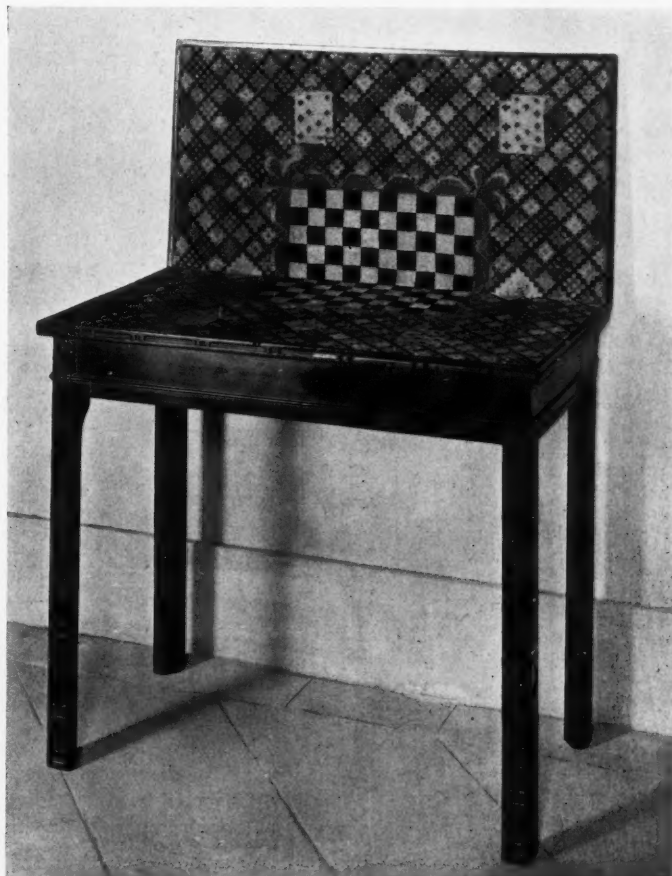
seat. A large shaped panel encloses the main design, which consists of an elaborate canopy surmounting a large vase of flowers. A pair of birds are represented alighting on two of the blooms, and another pair are perched on the folds of the canopy. This design is repeated on the seat, while the spaces outside the panel are covered with conventional flowers. Wools of many colours have been used in the design, the groundwork of which is brown. The birds, worked in *petit-point*, are white, the canopy blue and white, and the flowers a bright red. The needlework, both on the seat and back is excellently preserved. Another piece with *gros-point* needlework

of a later date is the mahogany card-table (Fig. 10). It was intended either for cards or chess, a chess board forming the centre of the needlework design. Round this is a continuous diaper pattern, with pairs of cards in *petit-point* worked in here and there. The squares are of many different colours, reds, pinks, greens, and light and dark blues predominating. The design of the table is of a plain type, with straight legs ornamented with a simple fretwork design of vaguely Chinese variety. It will date from about 1760.

Fig. 4 is a mahogany occasional table of much the same date, but of infinitely more delicate workmanship. Tables of this kind fall under no particular category in contemporary bills, but they approximate to the "tea or china tables" specified by Chippendale, lacking only the pierced gallery surrounding the top. This example is beautifully light and graceful in its design. The serpentine frieze is decorated with a shallow fretwork pattern, while on the tapering legs long, sinuous scrolls of foliage are carved in very low relief. The most subtle feature in the design is the charming use of applied scrolls to bridge the abrupt transition from the straight lines of the legs to the serpentine outline of the top. On this table, one feels, only the most fragrant China tea should have been served, and in the most delicate porcelain cups.



9.—HIGH-BACKED CHAIR UPHOLSTERED WITH ORIGINAL NEEDLEWORK. Circa 1690.



10.—MAHOGANY CARD OR CHESS TABLE WITH TOP WORKED IN GROS-POINT. Circa 1760.

A more complete contrast to this piece it would be difficult to find than the plain walnut work-table with tray top (Fig. 5), dating some fifty years earlier. Its rather ungainly legs, of very pronounced cabriole form, seem to be a survival of the S-shaped scroll legs found on William and Mary pieces. The walnut stool (Fig. 8) is of much the same date. Here the cabriole legs, which end in club feet, are of more orthodox type, and broaden out at the knees to form a very effective shaped outline. The seat retains its original leather covering, which, after more than two centuries of use, is now rather badly worn.

The handsome walnut bureau in two stages (Fig. 7), dating from about 1730 or 1740, is probably of Dutch origin, though it bears certain resemblances to contemporary English pieces. The tub-shaped drawers in the lower portion are common in rococo furniture on the Continent, particularly in commodes, but in England they are seldom found, and then only in pieces by craftsmen working to French and Dutch designs. There is, however, a rather earlier walnut bureau of the same bulging outline, formerly in the collection of Sir George Donaldson, which is definitely of English workmanship, since it bears the name of the maker,

Samuel Bennett of London. But this has the usual plain handles of Queen Anne's reign and must be at least thirty years earlier. Another signed cabinet bureau by the same craftsman, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, shows none of these foreign characteristics, but is unmistakably English in its design. Both these bureaux are inlaid with seaweed marquetry above and below the mirror, and are finished with heavy swan-necked pediments framing a large escutcheon. In the piece illustrated here the design of the upper portion may be compared with rather later English bureaux of the time of William Kent, while the waved border of the mirror is one frequently adopted by Chippendale. All this goes to show that it is a Dutch piece with features that English cabinetmakers were imitating a few years later. It may be dated about 1730. Finely figured burr walnut has been used in veneering the front. The upper portion has a straight-sided pediment broken in the centre, the mouldings of which are gessoed, as are those of the ogee-shaped mirror and the base. The lock-plates and handles and the ormolu mounts on the angles are of elaborate rococo design, such as would not have been used by English makers before the middle of the century.

A. S. O.

FRENCH FURNITURE

SOME finished examples of French furniture of the reign of Louis XVI come up for sale at Messrs. Christie's on July 17th, and many of these bear the stamps of famous *ébénistes* of the eighteenth century. There are two small oblong parquetry tables of the period, which are mounted with delicate mouldings and enrichments in ormolu. One, which bears the stamp of P. Roussel (1723-82), who made much fine furniture for the Prince de Condé at the Palais Bourbon and Chantilly, has its top and tray-like shelf marquetry with rosettes and trelliswork in satin, hare and other woods on a satinwood ground, with ribbon borders. The top and shelf are fitted with a gallery and the frieze mounted with a foliate scrollwork in ormolu, and beaded and foliate borders. The tapered legs are fluted and mounted on the shoulder with festoons. The second table, which measures only 17ins. in width, bears the stamp of the cabinetmaker Adam Weisweiler, the maker of *ébénisterie de luxe* and of furniture for Marie Antoinette. The table-top is set with a Sèvres porcelain plaque painted with a basket of flowers, and the frieze overlaid with repeated trefoils and scrolls in ormolu. The drawer is fitted with a writing slide and the shelf marquetry with borders of trelliswork in harewood on a satinwood ground. The piece is mounted with small-scale beaded and ribbon borders in ormolu. A square marquetry table, also of this period, bears the stamp of the *ébéniste* Godefroy Dester (1774-90), the maker of many light and elegant pieces of furniture. This table, which is fitted with three drawers and a shelf, is marquetry with branches of flowers upon satinwood panels, bordered with kingwood, while the top is mounted with a Sèvres plaque painted with a basket of fruit within apple-green borders. The top and shelf are galleried, and the tapered legs inlaid with pendants of husks and bordered with

kingwood. This table, again, is one of the minute and feminine pieces of this period, measuring only 16ins. in width. Dating from the Louis XV period is a table bearing the stamp of Roger Vander Cruse Lacroix, containing one drawer fitted with a writing slide. The table, which is parquetry with tulipwood and kingwood, is mounted with ormolu corners and shoes. In the same sale there is a gilt fire-screen framing a panel of Gobelin tapestry, signed Neilson, 1767, woven with a child feeding poultry, framed in a floral border.

Among the English furniture in this sale is a pair of early Georgian walnut armchairs resting on cabriole legs carved on the knee with acanthus leaves and finishing in lion paw feet.

The seats and back are covered with a design of flowers and fruit in a vase worked in coloured silk on a cream ground. A mahogany serpentine-shaped side table is a good example of mid-Georgian workmanship, having the front legs carved with a bold pendant of flowers, and finely pierced and carved brackets connecting the legs with the underframing.

SHELDON TAPESTRY.

A panel of Sheldon tapestry from the ateliers at Barcheston and Bordesley, which is also to be sold on July 17th, is characteristic of English tapestry weaving in its wealth of floral detail. It corresponds to the Sudeley Castle panel in having emblematic figures as its subject, set in roundels against a floral ground. The centre medallion represents Hearing—a group of three ladies singing and playing, with an attendant stag, famed for the sharpness of its hearing, while in four smaller medallions framed in strapwork the other Four Senses are represented. In the field is an intricate design of varied fruit and flowers relieved against a black background, while the border is woven with swags of fruit and flowers, birds and small



PARQUETRY TABLE BY WEISWEILER.

figures relieved against a yellow ground. At the four corners are cartouches enclosing masks.

TWO MEDIEVAL SHRINES.

Two interesting enamelled "chasses" or shrines associated by tradition with the great abbeys of Malmesbury and Croyland, which come up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on July 17th, are probably the most important of their type existing in a private collection. The "chasse" associated with Malmesbury Abbey, which is Limoges work of the late twelfth century, is decorated in front with the Crucifixion of Christ, with the Virgin and St. John on either side of the Cross. On the roof the centre subject is Christ Seated in Majesty, with two angels, a winged lion and a bull on the spandrels. The heads of the figures in the front are in relief; and the drapery of the figures, the arcading and scalloped borders, in *champlevé* enamel, while the metal ground is engraved with fine scrollwork. The second "chasse," which is also of Limoges workmanship and which dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, is decorated on the front with the murder of a Priest at the Altar by a knight who strikes his neck with a sword. On the roof portion is depicted the laying of the body on the bier; while on the right the soul is being raised to Heaven

by two angels. One end has the figure of Christ in Majesty; and the other was originally closed by a door, missing in 1748 when it was described in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*.

NELSON'S DINING-SALOON FURNITURE.

Nelson's dining-table, sideboard and wine-cooler, made by Wilkinson of Ludgate Hill about 1798, and forming part of the fore-cabin furniture of the Victory when that ship went into action at Trafalgar, are to be exhibited by Messrs. Amor of St. James's Street from July 12th. After the Battle of Trafalgar the Victory put into Rozia Bay to refit. The body of Nelson was on board, and in order to make it possible for the fore cabin to be rigged as a temporary mortuary chapel, the furniture was removed and sold. The purchaser of the furniture was Admiral Henry Warre, who left it in charge of his cousin, John Hatt Noble, President of the British Association at Oporto, who inherited it on Admiral Warre's death in 1826. From Noble it descended to his son, Charles Hatt Noble, who retired from Oporto in 1862. The present owner's grandfather bought the suite at the sale in 1862. The furniture was shipped back from Oporto in 1928 and, after being exhibited at the Geffrye Museum, was placed where it stood at Trafalgar, in the fore cabin of the Victory.

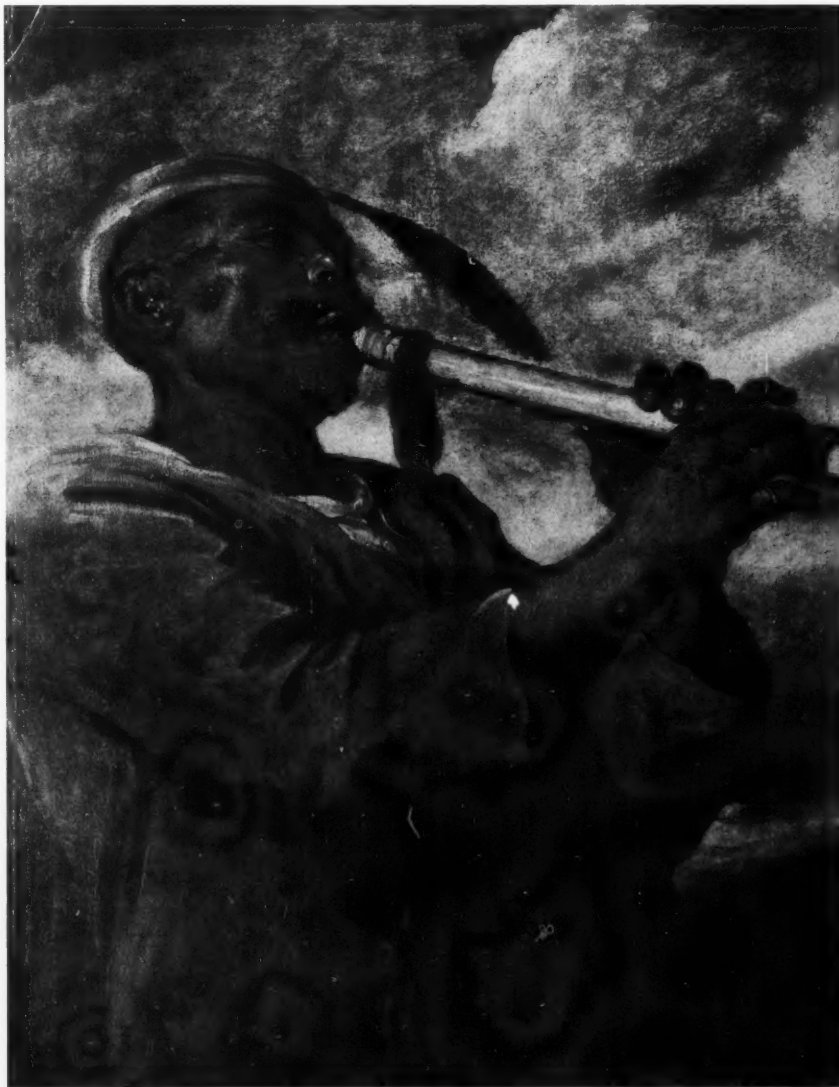
J. DE S.

PICTURES AT SOUTHILL.—I

LIKE the house itself and its furnishing, the pictures at Southill reflect the cultivated tastes of Samuel Whitbread the younger, the creator of the place. Though he can scarcely be said to have "formed a collection," Whitbread had evidently a good eye for a picture, and the relatively few that he did buy are first-class examples of their painters' art. He can be seen from them, moreover, to have had his tastes formed by the little group of Whig connoisseurs who, at the time when Southill was being built and furnished, were developing the standards of taste summarised by the term "picturesque." As I have endeavoured to indicate in *The Picturesque, Studies in a Point of View*, the term meant more to critics of that age than it does to us. It is true that the students of "the picturesque" discovered those aspects of scenery in their country rides which Claude and Ruysdael had painted and which now forms the subject of picture postcards. But in addition they evolved a genuine æsthetic theory, akin to impressionism, based on values of colour, light and shade. They appreciated the glitter of a Guardi more than the formal composition of a Canaletto, the colouring and wild subjects of Ruysdael—an admirable example of whose work, signed and dated 1646, hangs at Southill (Fig. 2)—above anything in the nature of a "primitive." Among their contemporaries, Gainsborough came nearest to expressing their requirements of a picture, and at Southill we have a magnificent example of his iridescent colouring in the full-length portrait of his daughters and of his picturesque technique in the

"Horses at a Fountain." The leaders of picturesque taste at the time were two Whig squires, both colleagues of Whitbread in the House—Richard Payne Knight and Uvedale Price, whose writings on the æsthetics of landscape painting and landscape gardening were being published between 1795 and 1805. Whitbread and Holland between them landscaped the park at Southill, planting it in such a way that it is still a grand example of picturesque scenery. And, his tastes formed in this school, he gradually acquired paintings that contained the same picturesque qualities. The æsthetic of the picturesque was eventually embodied in the art of Turner, Constable and the Norwich school, and in France by the Barbizon painters. But an interesting collection at Southill of small paintings by the less known artists Sawrey Gilpin and S. W. Reynolds (best known as an engraver), and a small Wilkie, indicate what progress the picturesque style had made before their rise. They also serve to clinch the argument that Whitbread was of the coterie that included Sir George Beaumont, Mr. Locke of Norbury Park and the Herefordshire squires already alluded to.

The only important exception to the rule on which Whitbread made his purchases is the "sublime" Romney of "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to the Daughters," which has already been illustrated in this series of articles. This represents a lapse on his part into the theory, over-emphasised by Reynolds, which proved disastrous to poor Barry and Hayden, that great art was synonymous with the grand style and subjects of elevated moral character. But for



1.—"MOOR PLAYING A PIPE." VELAZQUEZ-REYNOLDS.



2.—LANDSCAPE. J. RUYSDAEL, SIGNED AND DATED 1646.



3—A CONVERSATION PIECE. ENGLISH SCHOOL.

the Milton—which does justify its size by the bigness of its composition—Southill escaped being filled, as the gallery at Petworth was filled by Lord Egremont, with huge canvases by Northcote and Smirke illustrating Shakespeare.

Whitbread can scarcely have known Gainsborough well, who died when he was only twenty-five, although he was painted by him. But in Sheridan he had a mutual intimate friend, and it is possible that some of the remarkable Gainsborough pictures were acquired through or even from Sheridan at the time of the latter's *débâcle*. The portrait of his two daughters, which recalls the similar portrait of the Linley sisters (one of them Sheridan's wife), is a symphony in greys and bluey greens, and dates from the best years of Gainsborough's Bath period, c. 1770. The girls were then about twenty-five years old and had not yet begun to exhibit those eccentricities that shadowed their later years. It is interesting to compare them as shown in the picture with the Ipswich period portrait of them as children, in the Foster collection at South Kensington. Then they were Eton cropped, here they are in full coiffure and twenty years older. But the rather plain faces and beady eyes are the same for all the change in their father's technique.

The "Horses at a Fountain," in its full colour scheme and compact composition, recalls the famous "Cottage Door," and probably was painted at about the same time, 1772. The general scheme of it is a pattern of wedges all pointing at the



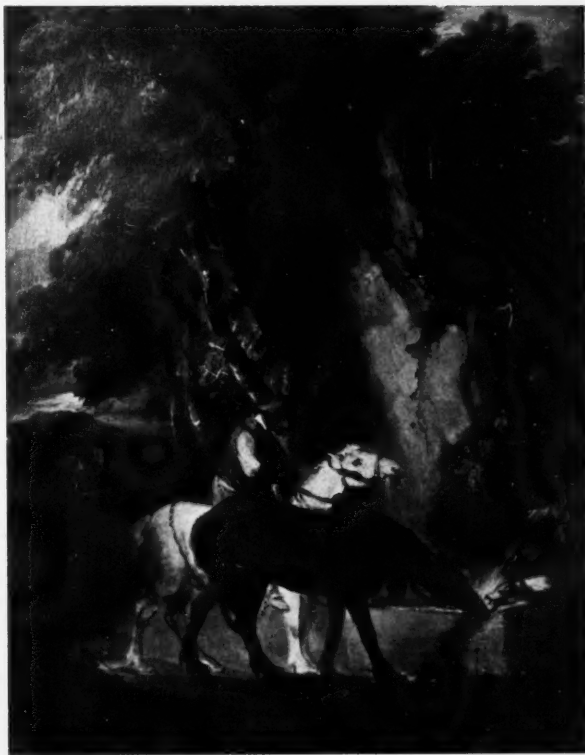
4.—THE GOOD SHEPHERD. GAINSBOROUGH, AFTER MURILLO. *Life size.*

eagerly sought water. There is still much of the Dutch influence in the painting of the golden brown sandstone cliff, the red-coated rider and the forceful chiaroscuro, but it is Gainsborough at his best.

Two other pictures may be said to belong to the *curiosa* of painting. One is inscribed on the back by Gainsborough Dupont: The Good Shepherd, painted from memory by Mr. Gainsborough in 1780, after having seen the original [by Murillo] in the possession of the Duke of Bridgewater.

Gainsborough in his later years had a curious penchant for this painter, making several other copies from him. He also copied the Cornaro Titian, Rembrandt's "Three Trees" and the Wilton Vandyke, among others. In this instance the colouring is of cloudy amber and browns—partly owing, no doubt, to the condition of the original—and the final result is more interesting than significant. As a piece of sentiment, however, (for which Gainsborough undoubtedly had a weakness) it is exquisite.

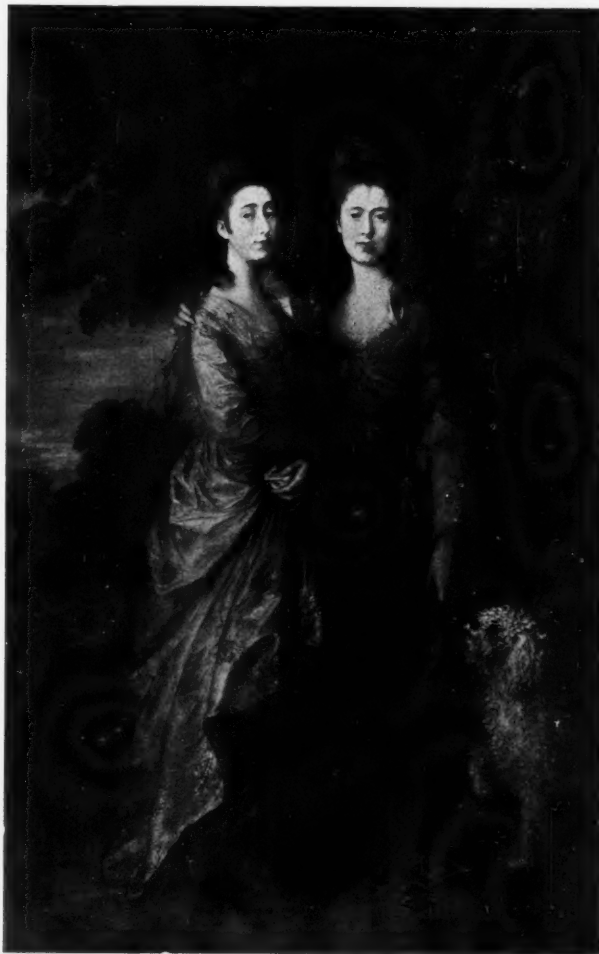
The other curiosity is more full blooded—representing the united achievement of Velazquez and Reynolds. The "Moor Playing a Pipe" is, indeed, one of the most vital pictures I have ever seen. To Velazquez's monumentally simple design and magnificent modelling and colouring (the Moor is dressed only in brown with a red cap, but what a range from amber to ebony!) Reynolds gave the gold and deep blue sky, and the



5.—HORSES AT A FOUNTAIN. GAINSBOROUGH.

sense of space and wind that sets the giant Moor astriding over some bleak sierra. Northcote (in his *Life of Reynolds*, second edition) thus records the facts:

This picture by Velazquez, now at Southill the seat of Samuel Whitbread, I bought for Sir Joshua at a picture sale by his desire. When he got it into his painting-room he painted an entire new background to the picture, a sky instead of what was before all dark and without any effect, but with this and some other small alterations it became one of the finest pictures I ever saw.



6.—THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTERS. GAINSBOROUGH. *Life size.*

It was bought by Whitbread at Reynolds' sale for 100 guineas. Two "conversation pieces" at Southill are of unequal interest and charm. The charmer is the unidentified late eighteenth century family shown in Fig. 3 by a *mæstro ignoto*. The somewhat wooden figures and rather stiff painting reveals by contrast how great a master Zoffany was in this *genre*. As detailed and as serene as this unknown artist, he yet catches his people with their nerves relaxed in a momentary pause of movement. The other conversation piece is "The Levée of the Duke of

Buckingham," by Marcellus Laroon the younger, recently exhibited at 25, Park Lane, and illustrated and described at the time. How it got to Southill is a mystery, but as there is also in the house a portrait of the proud Duchess of Buckingham, mother of the young man shown by Laroon, and daughter of James II by Catherine Sedley, the two probably came together. There is little apparent connection between the enthusiastic Whig and the Jacobite Duchess who kept up regal State in the house that was to become the home of George III.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

A DUTCH LANDSCAPE

IN the landscapes of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century there is the same accurate observation as in the great school of portrait painters, and a realism which was at the time regarded as revolutionary in its truth. A fine woodland scene by Meindert Hobbema, which comes up for sale at Messrs. Christie's on July 18th, shows the painter's mastery of the still life of woods and summer skies. A broad track in the centre divides the landscape, in which the cottages are seen in shadow; and the sportsman and his dog as minor and undisturbing accessories. On one side is a meadow fenced in by bushes and palings. The arrangement and drawing of the trees—of Hobbema's usual olive-green tonality—is of the utmost delicacy, contrasting with the sky, full of cumulus clouds. This picture, which is signed "Hobbema," comes from Lord Feversham's collection at Duncombe Park.

THE CURZON HEIRLOOMS.

Of the collection of pictures at the great eighteenth century house, Kedleston, one of the last of its kind to remain undisturbed, a small selection is also to be sold on the same day. The best known picture is Rembrandt's portrait of an old man with thin white beard and grey hair, which was at one time, in 1761, in the John Barnard collection. The sitter, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, has a gentle expression and age-worn features; a strong light falls on to the pleated ruff and on his face and hands, which are thrown up by the sober black dress and cloak. The whole picture, which is evenly and carefully executed, was painted about 1637-38. It is signed at the top left of the canvas "Rembrandt f." When in the John Barnard collection it was entitled "Ephraim Bonus," and Rode suggests that the sitter was "perhaps a Protestant divine."

Other pictures from the Kedleston collection are "The Tower on the Tiber," by Claude, also from the John Barnard

collection; and "A Blind Beggar" and "Card Players," by Jan Steen. To the pictures at Kedleston the late Lord Curzon added some English portraits of excellent quality, which are also to be sold. Among Lord Curzon's purchases are the group of Lady Dashwood seated with her son on her knee, painted by Reynolds in 1784 and exhibited in that year at the Royal Academy; Reynolds' "Girl with a Goldfinch"; Gainsborough's portrait of the wife of Sir Elizah Impey, Chief Justice of Bengal, a half-length turned slightly to the left; and a very attractive early Hoppner half-length portrait of Lady Waldegrave, in a blue dress and a blue and white gauze head-dress.

RECENT SALES.

The highest price realised for a picture in the recent Breitmeier sale at Messrs. Christie's was given for the charming Hoppner portrait of Charlotte Papendiek painted in 1788. This picture, bought about a quarter of a century ago for 3,000 guineas, was sold on June 27th for 14,000 guineas. A picture by Nicholas Maes, signed and dated 1655, of a woman plucking a duck, realised 1,800 guineas. Among other pictures in the Breitmeier sale was the portrait by B. Strigel of the Emperor Maximilian I in a black doublet, fur coat and black hat with a jewel. This portrait fetched 850 guineas. In the Speyer property in the same day's sale a fine example of Hercules Segher's painting was sold for 2,400 guineas. It shows a grey-green landscape extending down to a river which flows across the foreground, with buildings, people and cattle, and is on a panel 20 inches by 34 inches. Two panels of early sixteenth century Flemish tapestry from the Breitmeier collection, recently sold by Messrs. Christie, realised 7,000 guineas; and a sixteenth century Florentine cassone, painted in the manner of the Master of Anghiari with the triumph of a victorious general, 720 guineas.



A WOODLAND SCENE BY HOBBEEMA.



THE GARDEN

GARDEN PEONIES

THE peony is a plant which, although one of the most distinguished and handsome of its season, gardeners in this country have been surprisingly loth to plant with any great freedom. It may be that the criticism attached to many of the older kinds of possessing only a brief flowering season led to a decline in favour, but such criticism scarcely applies to modern varieties, whose flowering season extends from the end of May until mid-July, with a magnificent climax during June. The peony is once more ascending the hill of popularity, and it is climbing rapidly, largely on account of the many fine things that have made their appearance during the last few years, thanks to the patient work of such raisers as Messrs. Kelways, who have some of the finest productions in present-day peonies to their credit. The recent splendid displays of the flower at the Royal Horticultural Society's Summer Shows should have done much to bring the merits and the remarkable beauty of the modern varieties of peonies into prominence and to stimulate a desire for its cultivation.

It is a friendly plant, simple in its wants and easy to satisfy. It will thrive in any good, well drained garden soil that has been deeply dug and well manured. Deep cultivation is the

real secret of success, for its long thong-like roots travel far in search of food and moisture. Plant firmly in good loamy soil in a position where the plants can remain undisturbed for several years. Do not be disappointed if you have only a few flowers the first year, for the plants resent disturbance and need at least a year to settle down before they flower with any freedom. After their second year they will be seen in their full glory, triumphant in the splendour of their enormous goblets of rich and gorgeous colourings. There are no flowers of summer to compare in majesty of beauty with those of the peony, and every gardener should enrich his collection to the extent of at least half a dozen varieties. While they are easy to please, they will respond to generous treatment, and will repay the cultivator who sees that the plants never suffer from lack of water, and who gives them an occasional dose of liquid manure water during the growing season, by a greater richness and intensity of colouring and increased size of bloom. To see the plants at their best some three or four feet should be allowed between each, so that the elegant foliage has a chance to display itself. Planting may be done at any time during the autumn or spring, and even during the winter if the weather is open. But for the best results I



MASSED PLANTINGS OF PEONIES IN THE OPEN SHRUBBERY, WHERE THEY PROVIDE A GORGEOUS DISPLAY IN EARLY SUMMER.

recommend September planting or, failing that, February or March, but the gardener who exercises care may plant at any time in between, for peony roots are hardy things and it takes much to kill them.

Their position in the garden is largely a matter of individual taste. Those who object to the plants being placed in the mixed hardy flower border on the score of the room they take up in proportion to the length (forgetting the magnificence) of their flowering display, will find that a splendid situation for the plants is in front of the shrubbery border where they can be planted not in lines, but in bold, irregularly disposed groups. Here they may be associated with many species of lilies, a combination that has both beauty and utility to recommend it, for the peony leafage provides just the requisite amount of ground shade desired by the roots and lower parts of the stems of the lilies. It is only in a few gardens where their merits as decorative plants in the shrub border have been discovered, but the position is an excellent one, for the peonies contribute not only to the early summer beauty of the shrubbery but also to the autumn display when the handsome leafage assumes the most glorious orange and bronzy tones, which light up the front line of the shrubbery, particularly where the border faces west or south-west. But he is a hard-hearted gardener who can refuse them a place in the herbaceous border. The almost barbaric splendour of their blooms demands for them a prominent place, and I recommend giving the plants a bold corner position or massed in generous clumps in the front rank. If groups can be repeated at intervals, not necessarily of the same varieties, along the length of the border, the June border will reveal something of its real pageantry. Above all, give the plants a fairly open and sunny situation with only occasional shade, so that they may be seen at their very best. In the past, too many gardeners have been inclined to plant them in shade, believing this to be necessary, but only to be rewarded by a mediocre display that does not in any way show the peony in its true colours.

There is another aspect of their usefulness which is seldom sufficiently appreciated, and that is their admirable merits as a cut flower. As I write I have before me two vases of peonies, kindly sent me by Messrs. Kelways, which fill me with the desire to grow peonies in rows of interminable length in a reserve border to provide me with a supply of cut flowers every June. A vase of these full-blown globes in their full tide of loveliness is something to be remembered. No flower, when cut, conveys quite the same sense of magnificence or luxuriance as the peony, each



THE MAGNIFICENT MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT WITH ITS HUGE FRAGRANT BLOOMS OF RICH LILAC PINK.

bloom the embodiment of grace and beauty enhanced by size and the most lovely colourings, from the most delicate of blush and lilac pinks to the most intense of reds and crimson.

Varieties are as the sands of the sea, and I hesitate to make any recommendations. Choice, no doubt, will be largely governed by the depth of one's pocket, but I am happy to see that most varieties are now more reasonable in price and that some of the best of modern varieties are within reach of most garden owners. The varieties which I have before me are all first-rate garden plants, mostly all of Messrs. Kelway's raising, and one need not go any farther to provide oneself with a really excellent selection. First and foremost comes Kelway's Lovely, a most beautiful upstanding bloom of clear lustrous rose with a hint of creamy pink in its centre. Then follows the magnificent Madame Sarah Bernhardt, with its huge fragrant cups of rich lilac pink which deepens towards the centre. James Kelway is a splendidly formed bloom, almost white, but with a delicate flush of pink which infuses a warmth to the flower; while Kelway's Queen, a large flower of a flesh tone, is another, both distinct and beautiful. I was glad to see the old white Festiva maxima, an old variety, but still one of the most desirable

of all peonies, and one that, by reason of its cheapness, should be in every garden. It is a priceless treasure of great beauty for the June garden. Lady Alexandra Duff, a lovely combination of white and blush pink in its younger stages, gradually changing to pure white as its cups expand, and which possesses both form and fragrance, and the full-blown Duchess de Nemours, a blend of delicate primrose and white, are two others that should find a place in any collection. Among the reds and crimson the deep purple crimson Marshal MacMahon is a most striking flower. Lorraine is a brilliant carmine red, and President Poincaré is a rich ruby crimson of exquisite form. All these are the large-bloomed double varieties, which appeal to me more than the single varieties, although there are some most charming things among the latter section. Some of the varieties of the distinctive Imperial race, which are a half-way house between the doubles and singles, possessed of shallow cup-like blossoms containing a tossing crown of golden quills in their centre, are of ravishing beauty. Of them there is to me none so magnificent as Globe of Light, which caught my eye in Messrs. Kelway's group at one of the recent R.H.S. shows, a goblet of silvery rose enclosing a rounded cushion of golden yellow quills edged with rose. It is a peony of outstanding beauty and one that will bring distinction to any collection. G. C. TAYLOR.

THE SUMMER ROSE SHOW

SELDOM has a finer display of roses been seen than that staged in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on July 3rd and 4th, on the occasion of the annual Summer Show of the National Rose Society. The Show was remarkable both for the numbers and the excellence of the exhibits both from trade growers and amateurs and for the high quality and depth of colouring of the individual blooms. The season has been a good one for roses, and the date of the Show fortunately coincided with the peak of the flowering season in the south so that growers were able to exhibit blooms in almost perfect condition.

The large trade groups presented a magnificent bank of colour, and all the exhibits reached a remarkably high standard of excellence both as regards quality and variety. The Stanway Rose Gardens, who had a most charming arrangement with a trellis background draped with climbing varieties such as Scarlet Climber and François Juranville, with baskets of the bronzy orange Duchess of Atholl and the vivid Mrs. G. A. Van Rossem in the foreground, were awarded the Championship Trophy. The quality of the blooms in this group was not of such a high standard as in some other collections, but the arrangement showed both skill and enterprise in breaking away from the orthodox style. Mr. Elisha Hicks and Messrs. Waterers gained second and third places respectively with admirable groups, and Messrs. A. Dickson and Messrs. Chaplin Brothers were others who staged admirable collections in this class. Messrs. George Prince, in their first prize collection in Class 2 for a smaller group of cut roses, made a feature of the *Daily Mail* Scented Rose and also showed Dame Edith Helen and Mabel Morse to advantage. In the other trade classes embracing roses in exhibition boxes and in vases some exceptionally fine blooms were shown, and prominent prize-winners were Mr. John Mattock, Messrs. B. R.

Cant, Mr. W. Slinger and Messrs. Morse and Sons. Dame Edith Helen, which has now proved its superiority as a first-class exhibition and garden rose, was well represented in these classes, along with Duchess of Atholl, Margaret McGredy, Mme Graveraux, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. G. A. Van Rossem. The class for the best new rose of British or American origin sent out between 1923 and 1928 aroused keen competition and there were over twenty entries of the finest modern varieties. The clear yellow Julien Poincaré, a remarkably fine rose and well shown, and the sparkling carmine pink Mrs. A. R. Barraclough were the most outstanding of those shown, and the Nickerson Prize was awarded to the latter variety shown in admirable condition by Messrs. R. Harkness and Co., Hitchin, the former being disqualified since it is of French origin.

The amateur classes were proof that the amateur growers can produce as good if not better quality blooms than the nurserymen, and there were some exceptionally fine groups and exhibits shown by amateur rose growers. Mr. J. N. Hart gained the Champion Trophy for a representative group, in which A. Hartmann, Mrs. Henry Bowles, Mabel Morse and Red Letter Day were the outstanding varieties, and the Cecil Cant Challenge Cup was awarded to Mr. W. H. Pickford for a smaller group in which Dainty Bess and Golden Emblem were shown to advantage. There was keen competition in the classes for roses in vases and in boxes and the Mattock Cup for twelve distinct varieties was won by Mr. J. A. Stewart, and the Edward Mawley Challenge Cup for twenty-four blooms, distinct varieties, by Dr. R. C. Turnbull. The artistic classes were well filled and some charming decorative arrangements for the table were to be seen, Dainty Bess, Roselandia and Lady Sylvia being the varieties most in evidence for this purpose.